

DOCTOR WHO

BLUE FORGOTTEN PLANET

A Sixth Doctor story by **Nicholas Briggs**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time-space traveller.

CHARLOTTE POLLARD: INDIA FISHER

His companion. (ALSO MILA/CHARLEY)

VIYRANS / ALIEN: MICHAEL MALONEY

Mysterious aliens on a mission to destroy all viruses / Alien holiday maker on planet Gralista Social.

DAVID McCALLISTER: JJ FEILD

He is the leader of a survivor group, following a catastrophe that destroyed human civilization. Passionate in the pursuit of his work. In love with Ellen.

ELLEN GREEN: ANDREE BERNARD

Guilt-ridden about being one of the survivors of the human catastrophe, in which her daughter died. Estranged from her daughter's father (Ed Driscoll) but still in love with him. Distrustful of the Viyrans.

ED DRISCOLL: ALEC NEWMAN

Used to work with David and Ellen, but walked out because he believed the Viyrans weren't really helping. Still in love with Ellen, the mother of their dead daughter.

SERGEANT JAMES ATHERTON: SAM CLEMENS

Dedicated security man. Bit of a danger junky. Furious that Ellen jeopardized security for personal reasons. Believes in decisive, forceful action rather than talk.

SOLDIER (CLIVE): ALEX MALLINSON

Loyal member of Atherton's team.

MILA: JESS ROBINSON

A fictional representation of the Doctor's companion.

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231163-15

PART ONE

1. EXT. PLANET GRALISTA SOCIAL.

WAVES CRASHING ON A GLORIOUS BEACH. AN ALIEN SEABIRD CALLS ITS MELLIFLUOUS CALL IN THE SKY.

DOCTOR:
[SIGHS]

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ACROSS THE SAND.

ALIEN:
Hey there, friend! You not coming to the party?

DOCTOR:
Mmm? Oh, no... no, I'm fine here, thanks.

ALIEN:
The view has much beauty.

DOCTOR:
Indeed it has.

ALIEN:
I'm not very good at humanoid faces, but... you look sad, I think.

DOCTOR:
Sad? No... not really. I was just... remembering a good friend.

ALIEN:
Ah, so you came to Gralista to forget. Good idea! Best parties in the galaxy, they say!

DOCTOR:
[CHUCKLES] Yes, I remember.

ALIEN:
[LAUGHS KNOWINGLY] Oh, you been here before, then!

DOCTOR:
Oh yes... I've been here before... [BEAT] with her.

CROSS-FADE TO...

2. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

DOORS CLOSING.

DOCTOR AND MILA/CHARLEY ARE LAUGHING, EXHAUSTED AFTER A HOLIDAY ON GRALISTA.

MILA/CHARLEY:

You look ridiculous in that hat, it's brilliant!

DOCTOR:

I always like to enter into the spirit of the local culture.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh, so that's why you drank all those cocktails.

DOCTOR:

Those were the non-intoxicating variety.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Ha! So *you* say!

THEY BOTH LAUGH ABOUT IT. THEY'VE HAD A GREAT TIME.

But why do we have to leave now? I feel like I could spend my life on Gralista!

DOCTOR:

Oh, we'll come back, don't worry. I like to pop in on Gralista Social from time to time... although... it's funny... I can't actually remember when I was last here. Hmmm...

MILA/CHARLEY:

So where to now?

DOCTOR:

Well... I promised you a trip to Earth, didn't I?

MILA/CHARLEY:

That was ages ago... and you did say we were going the long way round!

DOCTOR:

Yes, Charley, but it's been an *extremely* long way round, hasn't it?

MILA/CHARLEY:

I suppose it has, really. So... Earth, then?

DOCTOR:

[CHUCKLES] Earth it is, Miss Pollard!

CONTROLS BURBLE. TARDIS ENGINES ENGAGE.

WE HEAR THEM WHEEZING AND GROANING OFF INTO SPACE AND
TIME... A LONG, LONG ECHO...

TIME IS PASSING.

3. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

READ-OUT BLEEPS.

VIYRAN:

Scan confirmed. One viral particle per humanoid life-form. Meson Disseminator prepared. Target: Earth.
Fire.

CUT TO A MISSILE BEING FIRED. A HUGE WHOOSH AS IT SHOOTS OFF INTO SPACE.

AS THE WHOOSH IS DIMINISHING, START REVERSE ECHO OF THE FIRST LINE OF NEXT SCENE, INCLUDING THE BEGINNING OF THE TARDIS MATERIALIZATION SOUND.

4. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

TARDIS MATERIALIZATION EFFECT.

DOCTOR:

There we are... Power matching up nicely. [CALLING OUT]
Charley!

SHE BOUNDS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Are we landing? On Earth? Oh, by the way, nice suit.

DOCTOR:

It's what all the best dressed gentlemen are wearing in
1930.

MILA/CHARLEY:

1930, is that the year?

DOCTOR:

Yes. And yes, we *are* landing on—

THE WHOOSH OF THE VIYRAN DISSEMINATOR COLLIDES WITH THE
TARDIS. ALARMS SOUND OUT. TARDIS ENGINES IMMEDIATELY
START SLOW MOTION GROANING, LABOURING.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That sounds a bit unhealthy.

DOCTOR:

Radiation? It's reading as radiation!

CHARLEY:

Not good, I take it?

DOCTOR:

I'm losing all directional control. I can't navigate.
And there's a power overload in the— *Charley, get down!!!*

A HUGE BANG!

CRASH INTO OPENING THEME.

CROSS-FADE INTO...

5. BLUE FORGOTTEN PLANET PROGRAMME.

BLUE FORGOTTEN PLANET PROGRAMME 'THEME'. [HEARTFELT STRINGS]

FADE UP UNDERNEATH, A COLD, LONELY WIND BLOWING.

DAVID:

So, this is the blue planet you've forgotten about. But take another look. You helped us once. I know you can help us again. Just look at what's happened here... The way everything's fallen apart... Look at my people. Lost, starving, dying... Unable to help themselves... Wandering the planet with only fear and corrosive rage as their constant companions.

We are truly grateful for what you've done to help us. We wouldn't still be here if it wasn't for you. But look closer. Look at our faces. Look into our eyes. We need so much more from you. We need you to help again and carry on helping. Without you, the human race will die out. And Planet Earth will surely be our tomb.

MUSIC: EMPTY BOOM. AS IT SLOWLY FADES, CROSS-FADE TO...

6. INT. EDIT SUITE. COMPOUND.

SOME APPLAUSE AND MUTTERS OF APPRECIATION.

ELLEN:

[ADDRESSING A GROUP] Really nice, that's really nice. Good work on the music, too. All we need now is the new footage.

DOOR KNOCK.

Yeah, come in!

DOOR OPENS.

[UNFRIENDLY] Can I help you, Sergeant?

ATHERTON:

Thought you might like to know, David's helicopter is about half an hour away.

ELLEN:

Good... thanks. Have you... spoken to him?

ATHERTON:

Says he's got a lot of great shots. Just the stuff we need.

ELLEN:

Er... be with you all in a moment, folks. [MOVING CLOSE, SOTTO] Did you... say anything about—?

ATHERTON:

[CLOSE, SOTTO] Why wouldn't I, Ellen? It's part of my job.

ELLEN:

[SOTTO] So you told him?

ATHERTON:

[SOME THREAT] Maybe I want *you* to tell him, face-to-face.

ELLEN:

[DISMISSING HIM] Well, thanks, Sergeant Atherton. I shall look forward to seeing him. I'm sure we all will.

ATHERTON:

Yeah. Sure.

CUT TO...

7. INT. HELICOPTER.

EXTERIOR PERSPECTIVE OF IT WHOOSHING PAST. SOMETHING REALLY RATHER FANCY, A FUTURISTIC HELICOPTER. SOUNDS LIKE IT'S JET-ASSISTED.

CROSS-FADE TO INTERIOR. MUTED ENGINE NOISES. PLUSH LUXURY.

PILOT:

[DISTORT] Should be passing over the Solent Basin on final approach to Blue Forgotten Base One in fifteen, sir.

DAVID:

Thanks, Clive.

PILOT:

[DISTORT] Oh, and have you taken your meds yet?

DAVID:

Ah, thanks for reminding me. I've been looking at some great footage, here. Clean forgot. Thanks.

PILOT:

[DISTORT] Best strap-in now. Won't be long.

CUT TO EXTERIOR, HELICOPTER WHOOSHES PAST.

8. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

AN OPEN PLAIN. LOW WIND. BRUSHWOOD WAFTS AROUND.

TROUBLED TARDIS MATERIALIZATION FADES IN. EVENTUALLY CLUNKS TO A HALT.

HOLD FOR A MOMENT.

DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS ONTO GRAVEL AND SAND.

DOCTOR:

[CALLING BACK INTO TARDIS] You'd better put that coat on before you come out. It really is rather nippy.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[FROM INSIDE] Okay!

FOOTSTEPS AS DOCTOR LOOKS AROUND.

DOCTOR:

[TO HIMSELF] Hmmmm. Not a clue.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[EXITING TARDIS] You weren't kidding when you said it was dark, either. Where are you? Oh.

DOCTOR:

I think the sun'll be up soon.

FOOTSTEPS ACROSS TO JOIN HIM.

MILA/CHARLEY:

So... is it Earth? Or not?

DOCTOR:

Don't recognize anything. And with the TARDIS not giving me any useful hints... I suggest we have a sniff around and see what we can find.

MILA/CHARLEY:

What was that radiation stuff we went through, and how come it wiped- ?

DOCTOR:

The memory banks? Luckily, the TARDIS is far too clever to let that happen permanently. But it'll take her a while to sort it out. And I've no idea at all what that radiation- Wait a minute, what's that? Can you see it?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Um... where? Oh... That sort of dark patch over there?

DOCTOR:

Mm. Let's go and take a look, shall we?

DISTANT SOUND OF DAVID'S JET HELICOPTER.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Sssh! Listen. What *is* that?

DOCTOR:

Sounds like... some sort of jet engine?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Did they have those in the 1930s?

DOCTOR:

Not so's you'd notice. Still, one thing at a time, Charlotte. Come on.

CROSS-FADE TO...

9. EXT. COMPOUND.

JET HELICOPTER LANDS. AS THE ENGINES WIND DOWN, THE CRUNCH OF MILITARY, JOGGING FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE. THE RATTLE OF MILITARY GEAR ON THE SOLDIERS APPROACHING.

HELICOPTER DOOR WHIRRS OPEN.

MILITARY FOOTSTEPS COME TO A HALT.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC: MILITARY, MARTIAL DRUMS.

ATHERTON:

All right, keep an eye on the perimeter, people!

GUNS COCKING.

FOOTSTEPS DOWN METAL LADDER FROM SHUTTLE.

Morning, Mr McCallister, sir! Bright and early.

DAVID:

What's all the fuss here, Sergeant?

ATHERTON:

Fires over to the West.

DAVID:

So?

ATHERTON:

Much closer than usual. I sent a few patrols out there. This way, sir.

FOOTSTEPS AS THEY BOTH WALK ON CONCRETE.

DAVID:

[CONCERNED] Is that all? Or has there been some trouble while I've been away?

ATHERTON:

You... could say that.

DAVID:

Well, what?

FOOTSTEPS HALT.

ATHERTON:

Just into the scanner, sir, if you please.

DAVID:

What—? Oh... We're using this thing again.

SERGEANT:

Best to be safe, sir.

BLEEP.

DAVID:

David McCallister. Blue Forgotten Planet executive producer.

TWO BLEEPS.

SERGEANT:

Lovely, sir.

BLEEP.

Sergeant James Atherton. Special Security Force.

TWO BLEEPS.

After you, sir.

AIR-SEALED DOOR OPENS INTO...

10. INT. PRODUCTION GALLERY. COMPOUND

FOOTSTEPS AS DAVID AND ATHERTON ENTER.

DAVID:

Hi. You're not gonna believe how fantastic this footage is.

ELLEN:

[PREOCCUPIED] That's... great.

DAVID:

[PICKING UP ON IT] Listen, what's been going—?

ELLEN:

They're all waiting for you, David. Sat-link to all producers worldwide. Last one came online just as you touched down. Sergeant, haven't you got something important to do?

DAVID:

[TAKEN ABACK] Ellen?

PAUSE.

ATHERTON:

Er... yeah... yeah, I guess I have, after all the *trouble*.

DAVID:

Is anyone going to tell me what exactly is—? [going on?]

ELLEN:

Thanks.

ATHERTON:

[LINGERING] I'll leave you two to a nice little cosy chat, then.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AS ATHERTON LEAVES.

DAVID:

So... are you going to tell me?

ELLEN:

Er, tell you what?

DAVID:

What happened while I was away. Ellen?

ELLEN:

I never know if you're going to come back, David.

DAVID:

What? Ellen, look, just tell me—

ALARM BUZZ.

ELLEN:

Look, are you going to do your conference or not? Satellite time's a bit limited at the moment.

DAVID:

Is it now? Are you okay? Have the meds been getting through?

ELLEN:

[A LONG SIGH] People are waiting, David. You need to do this conference chat, yeah?

DAVID:

Yeah... Okay, okay... Visual on everyone?

ELLEN:

Er... yeah. We've got visual.

SWITCHES BEING FLICKED.

HE SITS.

DAVID:

You'd better switch me on, then.

CLICK OF SWITCH.

ELLEN:

You're on.

DAVID:

Er... hello! Good morning, people. This is the beginning of the big one. The turning point for us all. So listen carefully and feel free to get very, very excited.

(SPEECH CONTINUES AT BEGINNING OF PART 2)

11. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

FOOTSTEPS OF DOCTOR AND CHARLEY APPROACH ON SAND. THEY COME TO A HALT.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[AWE] Oh my God...

PAUSE. THE EERIE WIND WHIPS AROUND A BIT.

DOCTOR:

I wonder what caused it.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Must be a few miles across...

DOCTOR:

And relatively recent, I'd say.

MILA/CHARLEY:

How recent?

DOCTOR:

Ooh, within a decade... or so. But what makes a crater this big? Can't be a meteorite impact. Not unless we're in the middle of an impact winter... and the sky's too clear for that... And although it's fairly cold, it's not *that* cold.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Um?

DOCTOR:

I think it was some sort of chemical explosion.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Have you noticed—?

DOCTOR:

[FRUSTRATED, TO HIMSELF]

Where *are* we? I don't recognize this.

MILA/CHARLEY:

So, definitely *not* Earth, then?

DOCTOR:

Probably not. What were you asking me?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh... over there in the woods, look. Fires.

DOCTOR:

Fires? And they're moving.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Coming towards us... What's going on?

12. INT. COMPOUND. SECURITY POST.

HUM OF MONITORS.

DAVID:

So, come on, Sergeant. Tell me.

ATHERTON:

Ah, Ellen hasn't told you yet, then?

DAVID:

Told me *what*? No, she hasn't, evidently! She snuck off somewhere during my sat-link. So?

ATHERTON:

Er... well, there's something a bit more urgent I'd like you to have a look at.

DAVID:

More urgent than what?

FLICK OF SWITCHES. SCREEN BLEEPES.

ATHERTON

See that?

DAVID:

It's... a satellite image of the Solent Basin, isn't it?

ATHERTON:

That's right, sir. Just a few miles south of here. Live image. Thought I'd make use of our alignment time. Now, if we zoom in a bit.

DAVID:

What am I looking for?

ATHERTON:

I told you we had patrols out, didn't I?

DAVID:

You did, yes.

ATHERTON:

They've reported quite a bit of movement. And now... see, Foresters heading south into the basin, towards the Fawley Crater.

DAVID:

What would they be—? [doing that for?]

ATHERTON:

No idea. That's why I ordered the satellite view. But you see here... a whole party of them, flaming torches and all.

DAVID:

Heading towards... what's that? A shed or something?

ATHERTON:

Dunno. But someone put it there tonight.

DAVID:

Foresters?

ATHERTON:

I don't think so. But maybe... [AS HE ADJUSTS THE VIEW]

ZOOMING IN SOUND.

DAVID:

Who are they?

ATHERTON:

No idea. Only two of them so far, man and woman, and they're wandering around like lost sheep. But if they're foreigners, I don't fancy their chances if Driscoll's lot get hold of them.

DAVID:

Get the helicopter fired up.

13. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

DOCTOR:

A torchlight parade?

MILA/CHARLEY:

I'm counting well over a hundred of them...

DOCTOR:

Not a pleasant image either... I'm thinking 'Burn the witch'?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Great.

DRISCOLL:

[AGGRESSIVE, SHOUTING FROM QUITE A WAY OFF] Who are you? What you here?

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] Not sounding very friendly, is he?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] We'll never make it back to the TARDIS. They could easily cut us off. So let's just be polite.
[SHOUTING] Er... I'm afraid we've lost our way. Perhaps you could help!?!

DRISCOLL:

You from compound?!?

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] Now is that a good or a bad thing?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Good question.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SOTTO, URGENT] Doctor, they're coming over.

FOOSTEPS APPROACH. WE NOW HEAR THE BURNING OF THE TORCHES.

DRISCOLL:

[CLOSER NOW] This our place! You not one of us! You come down in copter with Callister?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] All right, getting a bit tricky now.

DISTANT SOUND OF HELICOPTER.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] Listen. What's that?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Sounds like a helicopter.

DRISCOLL:

Answer me! You from 'cross Channel then?

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] I get the feeling there's not going to be a right answer.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] That helicopter's getting closer.

FORESTER:

[DISTANT] Look! Up there!

COMMOTION AMONGST THE FORESTERS.

DRISCOLL:

Take 'em! Take 'em now!

AGGRESSIVE, MASSED CRIES AS THE BAND OF FORESTERS SURGES FORWARD.

DOCTOR:

Run, Charley! Run!

THE HELICOPTER SWOOPS IN. THE DEAFENING SOUND OF ITS ENGINES COMPETING WITH THE SOUNDS FROM THE CROWD. MUCH WIND. DUST WHIPPED UP.

THE DOCTOR AND CHARLEY ARE GRABBED. THROUGH THE CACOPHONY WE HEAR...

DOCTOR:

Argh! Get off me! Ugh!

MILA/CHARLEY:

No! You get your filthy hands— Argh! Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Leave her alone! I'm sure this can all be—

A LOUD HAILER CLICKS ON WITH A WHINE OF FEEDBACK.

ATHERTON:

[THROUGH LOUD HAILER FROM HELICOPTER] Leave the strangers alone! Leave now! Disperse or we will open fire!

DRISCOLL:

Take 'em! Come on!

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor!!!

MACHINE-GUN FIRE, A COUPLE OF CONTROLLED BURSTS. IMPACTS ON ROCK AND SAND.

SCREAMS OF ALARM FROM THE CROWD. THEN THE CROWD NOISES SURGE OFF TO ONE SIDE.

DOCTOR:

[MOVED OFF DISTINCTLY TO THE SAME SIDE OF THE STEREO FIELD AS THE CROWD] Charlotte!!! *Charley!!!*

ANOTHER BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

THE HELICOPTER SWOOPS LOWER.

MUCH DUST BEING WHIPPED UP AGAIN.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[COUGHING, CHOKING IN THE DUST, GENERALLY DISHEVELLED] Doctor! Doctor, where-?!?

ATHERTON:

[LOUD HAILER DISTORT] Climb - up - the - ladder!

MILA/CHARLEY:

What?

ATHERTON:

[LOUD HAILER DISTORT] *The - ladder!!!*

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh.

CROSS-FADE TO...

14. EXT. FOREST EDGE.

CROWD RUNNING FROM SAND INTO UNDERGROWTH.

VOCAL SOUNDS OF DOCTOR BEING DRAGGED ALONG.

DOCTOR:

Please! There really is no need to man-handle—

DRISCOLL:

[TO CROWD] Come on! Back to forest. Torches out! Move it!

IN BACKGROUND, THE HELICOPTER RISES.

DOCTOR:

I think they've taken Charley.

DRISCOLL:

Your friend? Taken her right enough.

DOCTOR:

Is that good or bad?

DRISCOLL:

Bad.

DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

DISCOLL:

Get moving!

15. INT. PRODUCTION GALLERY. COMPOUND.

DAVID:

[FLABBERGHASTED] So what are you telling me, Ellen? You mean you let them into the compound?

ELLEN:

No... I mean, not them, just... It's just that—

DAVID:

Oh... of course, Ed Driscoll! You just let *him* in and surprise-surprise all his mates came with him? Is that it?

ELLEN:

I... Look, he said—

DAVID:

What? That he still loves you? That he wanted a tender moment? Just to hold hands? I mean, what? Are you really that naïve, Ellen? [BEAT] Sorry. I'm sorry. It's just that...

PAUSE.

Don't I mean anything to you?

ELLEN:

He was the father of my daughter, David!

DAVID:

I know that, but—

ELLEN:

I can't just switch off from that! She died out there! Living with the Foresters. Exposed to the elements, grubbing around for food, while we were here, living a privileged life with medical supplies and—

DAVID:

Didn't Atherton and his people try to stop them?

ELLEN:

There were too many. It would've been a blood bath. Or would you've preferred it if I'd let Atherton hit the button and blow us all up? [BEAT] So we let them take the stuff and go.

DAVID:

How much did they take?

ELLEN:

As... as much as they could carry.

DAVID:

God, Ellen. You know supplies of the vaccine are limited. Do we have any of it left? [CLEARLY NOT. HE SIGHES] What a mess. Why the hell didn't you tell me this earlier?

ELLEN:

[LOADED] I didn't think your 'chums' would be too happy.

DAVID:

We don't keep secrets from them, Ellen. We're working *with* them! And they're working with us.

ELLEN:

Are they?

DAVID:

Oh, now come on! This is Driscoll's nonsense, isn't it? Why the hell would you listen to—?

HELICOPTER DESCENDING OUTSIDE.

That'll be the sergeant and his team. Right, you stay here.

ELLEN:

What are you going to do about Ed? If you tell them, they'll punish us!

DAVID:

Wha— ? I don't believe I'm hearing this. Of course I'm going to tell the Viyrans.

HELICOPTER COMPLETING ITS DESCENT. CROSS-FADE TO...

16. EXT. COMPOUND. RUNWAY.

HELICOPTER ENGINE WINDING DOWN.

HELICOPTER DOOR OPENS.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[STRUGGLING] No, we have to go back! That mob must've taken the Doctor!

ATHERTON:

Just calm down, lady, please.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Who were those people? And just what the hell are they going to do to him?

FOOTSTEPS OF DAVID HAVE BEEN APPROACHING ON CONCRETE DURING THIS.

DAVID:

Only one?

ATHERTON:

Driscoll's lot got the other one.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Who are you?

DAVID:

I'm David McCallister.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Are you now?

DAVID:

I am, yes. How did you and your friend get into the Solent Basin?

MILA/CHARLEY:

The where?

DAVID:

Are you all right? Were you hurt?

MILA/CHARLEY:

What? No, look, who is this 'Driscoll' and his 'lot'? Are they dangerous? I mean, shouldn't we get back out there and—?

DAVID:

We'd better give her the once-over, Sergeant.

ATHERTON:

Sir!

MILA/CHARLEY:

The what?

ATHERTON:

Come on, lady.

MILA/CHARLEY:

All right! [BEAT] I don't need to be frogmarched.

17. EXT. FORESTERS' SETTLEMENT.

ESTABLISH. FIRES BURNING. CHATTER. COUGHING. SOME TUNELESS PENNY-WHISTLE PLAYING.

CROSS-FADE TO...

18. INT. DRISCOLL'S TENT.

THE SETTLEMENT EFFECTS ARE MUFFLED IN THE BACKGROUND.

A BIG DOG GROWLS.

DOCTOR:

Good dog.

IT MAKES A NASTY, SNAPPING SOUND.

DOCTOR:

Ah, not good dog. Not good to me anyway. You know, I once had a dog. We were good friends. His bark could be worse than his bite. I wonder if that applies to you. Perhaps we could be friends.

TENT FLAP IS PULLED BACK.

DRISCOLL:

[ENTERING] Bess knows who master is. Don't stand no nonsense. Have your leg off.

DOCTOR:

Charming.

DRISCOLL:

You know me?

DOCTOR:

Er... I'm not sure what you—?

DRISCOLL:

All folks here knows me. You don't know me, you not from here.

DOCTOR:

[CHARMING] Impeccable reasoning, Mr... ?

DRISCOLL:

You speaks the tongue, but like Callister and Compounders. Them who makes pictures.

DOCTOR:

Pictures? Those were the people in the helicopter? The ones who took Charley?

DRISCOLL:

[THREAT] I do askin'. What they call you?

DOCTOR:

Er... the Doctor.

DRISCOLL:

'Doctor'? *Were* doctors. Before Bad Times.

DOCTOR:

Bad Times?

DRISCOLL:

We took their stuff. No good to us. Don't make no sense.

DOCTOR:

Um... what stuff did you take?

DRISCOLL:

[SUDDENLY VIOLENTLY ANGRY] I told you, *I'm* askin', not you!

DOCTOR:

Sorry... sorry. Ask away.

PAUSE.

DRISCOLL:

Clever man... I see that. You with Callister's lot in compound?

DOCTOR:

No, I'm not. Is--? Sorry, you go on asking.

DRISCOLL:

You don't sound foreign. So you not from 'cross channel.

DOCTOR:

Channel? No, I'm not from... across the channel.

DRISCOLL:

Where from, then?

DOCTOR:

Well... I... I'm lost.

DRISCOLL:

Lost? From up north?

DOCTOR:

I don't know where I am.

DRISCOLL SUDDENLY GRABS THE DOCTOR. BESS IS GROWLING.

DOCTOR:

Ugh— now, there's no need to get excited—

DRISCOLL:

If you clever. You could help.

DOCTOR:

Very possibly.

HE'S LET GO.

Thank you. How can I help? Dog training, perhaps?

DRISCOLL:

Follow me!

19. INT. PRODUCTION GALLERY. COMPOUND.

TAPPING OF COMPUTER PAD IN BACKGROUND.

CHARLEY IS JUST FINISHING SIPPING SOME TEA. SHE PUTS A MUG DOWN.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Where's he gone? That David McCallister man? Is he your boss? Boyfriend?

THE TYPING STOPS.

ELLEN:

Look, sorry, but I've got a lot of work to get through. And so's David. I'm sure he'll speak to you soon.

TYPING CONTINUES.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh. Sorry. Er... there is just one thing I'd like to ask, though.

TYPING STOPS.

ELLEN:

[SIGHES, IMPATIENTLY] What?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Is this... Earth?

ELLEN:

What?

DOOR OPENS.

DAVID:

[ENTERING] You can't let that happen again, Atherton.

ATHERTON:

[ENTERING] That's why I sent out the patrols, sir. Advance warning, you see. And I've got those charges in place. Mind you, nothing much I can do if a member of your staff decides to let Driscoll in. [POINTEDLY] Anything you might want to do about that, Mr McCallister?

DAVID:

All right, Sergeant, point taken. Now, Charlotte Pollard..

MILA/CHARLEY:

Yes—?

ELLEN:

[TERSE] She asked if this was Earth. Excuse me, I've got some editing to do.

CHAIR SCRAPES AND SHE LEAVES. DOOR CLOSING BEHIND HER.

DAVID:

'Earth'?

CHARLEY:

I sense a little tension in the air.

ATHERTON:

Well you might. I'm needed back in the security post.

DAVID:

Okay, sergeant.

FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPEN/CLOSE AS ATHERTON LEAVES.

DAVID:

[TO CHARLEY, INTRIGUED] So... Are you... a space traveller?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Er... why would you think that?

DAVID:

Why else wouldn't you know what planet this was?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Good point. [DIVERTING] What's that you've got there?

BURBLE OF BIO-SCANNER.

DAVID:

It's a bio-scanner.

MILA/CHARLEY:

And you're scanning me?

DAVID:

I am.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Why?

DAVID:

Because you're a mystery.

MILA/CHARLEY:

All right, all right! [IN NEARLY ONE BREATH] The Doctor and I landed here earlier this morning, when it was still dark, but his instruments were on the blink, so we didn't know where we were. So... is this Earth?

DAVID:

Yes, this is Earth, Charlotte Pollard. The Blue Forgotten Planet.

20. INT. VIYRAN VESSEL. CONTROL AREA.

INSTRUMENTATION TICKS OVER.

VIYRAN:

Begin revival.

POWER SURGES. A HISS AS A VIYRAN 'COFFIN' SLIDES OPEN.

VIYRAN:

Cryo-pod unsealing.

CHARLEY:

[GASPS AS SHE WAKES]

VIYRAN:

Charlotte Pollard. You are awake.

CHARLEY:

[GROGGY, LIKE A HANGOVER] Er... thanks. You're too kind.
[A THOUGHT] Wait a minute... does this mean you've found him?

PAUSE.

You said you'd wake me again if you found him. The Doctor.

PAUSE.

Come on. That's why I agreed to help you. Why I went on those 'little missions' for you. So? Have you? Have you found him?

VIYRAN:

We have received a cellular scan from the planet we are orbiting. We may need to conduct tests on non-cryogenic tissue.

CHARLEY:

Oh, now come on, you promised me—

VIYRAN:

Observe the scan.

READ-OUT, ANIMATED GRAPHICS SOUND.

CHARLEY:

Look, I've told you before that I don't understand your hieroglyphics—

VIYRAN:

Observe the second scan.

CHARLEY:

First, second, it's all Greek to me.

VIYRAN:

The second is a cellular scan of you.

CHARLEY:

How interesting! What am I supposed— ?[STOPS IN HER TRACKS] Oh. It's the same. It's a copy of me.

VIYRAN:

Precisely. Your double.

CHARLEY:

[ANGRY] *Mila!*

21. INT. PRODUCTION GALLERY. COMPOUND.

MILA/CHARLEY:

So what do these scans of me say?

DAVID:

I've no idea.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh. Why not?

DAVID:

We transmit the results for analysis.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Transmit? Where to?

DAVID:

Into orbit.

MILA/CHARLEY:

You've got spaceships in orbit?

DAVID:

Not us, no. Friends of ours. Aliens who came to help us.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Really? Oh. By the way, if this is Earth... What year is it? 1930?

PAUSE.

What's the matter?

DAVID:

We... don't know.

22. EXT. WOODLAND.

A HEAVY TARPAULIN IS PULLED BACK.

DRISCOLL:

Here!

DOCTOR:

I see. And you took these from.. Callister's people at the compound?

DRISCOLL:

No good. Can't open.

TAPPING OF METAL CASES.

DOCTOR:

About twenty or so cases... Do you know what's in them? Sorry, I know that was another question, but—

DRISCOLL:

Med stuff.

DOCTOR:

Medical supplies?

DRISCOLL:

Yeah. You open them?

DOCTOR:

Hmmm... Keypad lock. Simple enough, I should say. Either you use the correct opening code number or...

RUSTLE OF POCKETS.

BESS GROWS.

DRISCOLL:

Hey! What you got in pockets?

DOCTOR:

No need to panic. I think I might have a mergin nut. Very helpful for shorting things out.

DRISCOLL:

Stop clever talk.

DOCTOR:

[PUTS IT SIMPLY] I'm finding something that will open these cases. All right? Calm down, Bess.

DRISCOLL:

Okay. Quiet, Bess!

BESS MAKES A FEW CHASTISED NOISES.

DOCTOR:

Ah! Got it. Now...

HE PLACES THE MERGIN NUT ON THE METAL LOT. CLICK.

This shouldn't take long.

ELECTRONIC BURBLE.

A 'KERCHUNK' AND A HISS. A CASE OPENS.

Hey presto, as they used to say in olden times.

CASES OPENING.

Ah, just as you said... Medical supplies.

DRISCOLL:

Yeah. Meds.

DOCTOR:

I don't suppose you know what these hypodermic injectors contain, by any chance? No...

DRISCOLL:

The cure.

DOCTOR:

Cure for what?

DRISCOLL:

Madness. Bad Times. They let Callister and his lot keep it. Not us.

DOCTOR:

'They'? Who are they?

DRISCOLL:

You doctor. Give me injection.

DOCTOR:

I hardly think that's wise—

BESS GROWLS.

DRISCOLL:

Wanna think again?

23. INT. PRODUCTION GALLERY. COMPOUND.

DAVID:

For a long time, nobody knew anything–

MILA/CHARLEY:

'Anything'?

DAVID:

... until the Viyrans came.

MILA/CHARLEY:

The... *Viyrans*? The Viyrans are *helping* you.

DAVID:

Yes. You've heard of them?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Er, sort of.

DAVID:

Without them, all human life on this planet would've died out years ago.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Why?

BLEEPING.

What does *that* mean?

DAVID:

They must've received the transmission from the bio-scanner.

MILA/CHARLEY:

You transmitted the results of your scan of me to... to the Viyrans?

DOOR OPENS.

ATHERTON:

[ENTERING] Sir, we just got a signal–

DAVID:

They're sending a shuttle?

ATHERTON:

No, something bigger.

INNER DOOR OPENS.

ELLEN:

[BURSTING IN] Have you seen it?!?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Seen what?

ELLEN:

I picked it up on the satellite track. A huge Viyran ship.

MILA/CHARLEY:

So... the Viyrans are coming here... now?

24. EXT. FORESTERS' SETTLEMENT.

HYPO INJECTION.

DRISCOLL:

Aaargh!

BESS GROWLS.

DOCTOR:

Well, you asked me to do it. You all right? How are you feeling?

DRISCOLL:

[GROANS, CONTINUES UNDER]

WE HEAR HIM STUMBLING

DOCTOR:

All right, all right, I've got you. Come on, just sit yourself down here— oops!

CASES FALL.

Never mind that. Nothing broken.

DISTANT SOUND OF SPACESHIP DESCENDING.

What's that noise?

25. EXT. COMPOUND.

MASSIVE VIYRAN SHIP DESCENDING IN DISTANCE.

FOOTSTEPS ACROSS CONCRETE.

ATHERTON:

There she is!

DAVID:

Impressive, isn't it?

ELLEN:

You've seen it before?

DAVID:

Only once.

MILA/CHARLEY:

I take it the Viyrans don't land here often, then.

ELLEN:

I... I've never seen them. None of us has. Except David... he's their little pet.

MILA/CHARLEY:

What do you mean?

ELLEN:

Best buddies with them, he is.

DAVID:

There's nothing to be worried about. Right! Stand back everyone!

VIYRAN SHIP ON ITS FINAL APPROACH.

26. EXT. FORESTERS' SETTLEMENT.

DISTANT SOUND OF SHIP SWOOPING LOW, GETTING LOUDER.

DRISCOLL:

[GROANING] Noise... up there... uuurgh...

DOCTOR:

Yes, I know. Sounds—

DRISCOLL:

Sounds... sounds like... [SUDDENLY BECOMING NORMAL] something coming in to land.

DOCTOR:

Something rather large. Coming from... that direction.

DRISCOLL:

The Compound. McCallister's lot.

DOCTOR:

'McCallister'? Er... you seem somewhat changed.

DRISCOLL:

It's the drug. We took it from the Compound.

DOCTOR:

If that's where this ship is landing, I've got to get to this compound, I have a friend there. Can you point me in the right direction?

DRISCOLL:

No!

DOCTOR:

But—

DRISCOLL:

I'm coming with you. I don't want to miss this, not after all they've done!

DOCTOR:

'They'? What have they done?

DRISCOLL:

After what they've done to Earth.

DOCTOR:

Earth? This is Earth?

DRISCOLL:

For a clever bloke, you're acting pretty stupid. Sorry, I didn't introduce myself, did I?

DOCTOR:

Um... no, you didn't.

DRISCOLL:

Driscoll. Ed Driscoll. Pleased to meet you, Doctor. Come on, follow me.

AS THEY MOVE OFF THROUGH THE BUSHES, THE VIYRAN SHIP SWOOPS IN CLOSER, WE CROSS-FADE TO...

27. EXT. COMPOUND.

ENORMOUS VIYRAN SHIP TOUCHES DOWN WITH MASSIVE CRUNCH.
SETTLING OF DUST ETC. ATHERTON'S MEN COCK THEIR GUNS.

DAVID:

Stand your people down, Atherton.

ATHERTON:

Just... you know, precautions, sir.

DAVID:

This isn't an invasion. These people are our saviours.
They haven't set foot on our planet since they first came
to help. This is a momentous event.

ELLEN:

Why have they come back down now, though? What is it
they want?

DAVID:

I think they're interested in Charlotte here.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Are they... er... why should—?

FOOTSTEPS ON METAL RAMP IN THE SPACESHIP.

ELLEN:

Ssh! I think I can hear one of them.

FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSER.

DAVID:

Welcome back to Earth! We're honoured by— [STOPS DEAD]
But...

MILA/CHARLEY:

[TO HERSELF] Oh... no...

DAVID:

I don't... understand. Charlotte?

FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE STEREO FIELD, WHERE THE SHIP
HAS LANDED.

CHARLEY:

[BARELY SUPPRESSED ANGER] Hello, Mila. What brings you
here, I wonder?

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

PART 2

28. DAVID'S 2ND SPEECH.

DAVID:

Er... hello! Good morning, people. This is the beginning of the big one. The turning point for us all... So listen carefully and feel free to get very, very excited.

I want to thank you all for the wonderful footage you've been getting. And you've all been following the brief perfectly. It's just what we want. Real human faces... The faces of all those people out there less fortunate than we lucky few... And you know what? We want more. We want *every human face*. Because the Viyrans tell me that, when the people back on their home planet look into the eyes of every human being on this Earth... well, they won't be able to hold back the vital supplies and funding we need any longer.

So, get out there! All of you! Get to work! And with luck... we will no longer be... the Blue Forgotten Planet.

CRASH IN OPENING THEME.

29. EXT. COMPOUND.

CHARLEY IS HARD TO ONE SIDE OF THE STEREO FIELD AND HER VOICE IS AFFECTED BY THE REVERB OF THE VIYRAN SHIP.

DAVID:
Charlotte?

CHARLEY:
Are you talking to *me*? Or *her*?

DAVID:
[TO MILA/CHARLEY] Charlotte, do you know what's going on?

MILA/CHARLEY:
Er... No... No, I don't.

ELLEN:
But... is she your twin or something?

MILA/CHARLEY:
What? No! I don't have a twin!

ELLEN:
This is weird. This is seriously weird. I don't like it, David. I told you we couldn't trust them.

DAVID:
Ellen, for goodness sake—

ATHERTON:
There's something strange going on, sir. I suggest we treat this situation as highly dangerous. Safety catches off, people!

CLICKS OF SEVERAL SAFETY CATCHES RELEASED ON WEAPONS.

DAVID:
No! Just... just calm down. [TO CHARLEY] Who are you?

CHARLEY:
I'm Charlotte Pollard.

MILA/CHARLEY:
No, she's lying! It's some sort of trick!

CHARLEY:
No, *you're* the trick... Mila.

ELLEN:
'Mila'? What does she mean, 'Mila'?

CHARLEY:

Where's the Doctor, Mila? Is he here?

DAVID:

Look, I need to know what's going on here. Where are the Viyrans?

CHARLEY:

Never mind the Viyrans for now. This is something– [I want to deal with]

ATHERTON:

We wanna see the Viyrans *now!*

DAVID:

Atherton, *please*–

CHARLEY:

I *work* for the Viyrans. You can– [trust me]

ATHERTON:

We'll get 'em out here now, or things might get ugly, *you understand?*

DAVID:

Right, that's enough, Atherton! Get your people into the security building. *Now, Sergeant!*

ATHERTON:

No way, sir! This is a security matter, which means I'm in charge!

DAVID:

It means nothing of the sort! Now will you just–

ELLEN:

David, there's something not right about all this! I told you we couldn't trust the Viyrans!

DAVID:

Ellen, you're talking rubbish.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

DAVID:

Sergeant, stop that!

ATHERTON:

Get the Viyrans out here now!

30. EXT. FOREST.

FOOTSTEPS OF DOCTOR AND DRISCOLL RUNNING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.

MORE GUNFIRE.

THEY STOP RUNNING.

DOCTOR:

Did you hear that?

DRISCOLL:

Probably Atherton. He loves firing that gun of his. He's been enjoying life as a toy soldier ever since this all started.

DOCTOR:

Since *what* all started—? Wait a minute, I can't hear the spaceship now... it must have landed.

DRISCOLL:

I want to get a good look at these guys. Follow me, Doctor.

31. EXT. COMPOUND.

CHARLEY:

Mila, where's the Doctor? Tell me!

ATHERTON:

I'm serious, lady, if you don't get your Viyran friends to explain what the hell's going on... Wha... ?

THE SOUND OF THE VIYRANS APPROACHING.

ELLEN:

Oh... my... God... Is that them? The Viyrans?

DAVID:

Yes. [TO VIYRANS]

ELLEN:

They're huge.

DAVID:

Welcome to Earth. I apologise for the behaviour of—

VIYRAN:

We need to examine this woman.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Me? *Examine?* Why?

ELLEN:

We can't let them do that. We don't know what—

DAVID:

Ellen, please! [TO VIYRANS] I'm sorry... Why do you need to—? [examine her]

VIYRAN:

She must come aboard our ship... now.

MILA/CHARLEY:

I don't want to. You can't make me! David, don't let them take me.

ATHERTON:

You're not taking anyone, you hear me! Now step back into your ship or we open— [fire]

DAVID:

No, Sergeant! Stand down! *Now!* That's an order!

GUNFIRE. RICOCHETS ON METAL.

Nooo!!!

VIYRAN:

Please discontinue your aggressive action or we will be forced–

ATHERTON:

Get off our planet! You may have helped us in the past, but that doesn't give you the right to start making copies of us! Don't you see, David? They're trying to take us over!

ELLEN:

He's right!

CHARLEY:

I'm not a 'copy'.

MILA/CHARLEY:

She *is!* That's what she is! A copy! They're trying to take us over!

DAVID:

Please... *Viyrans*... you must give us an explanation. The people here are scared... and I think... I think that maybe they've missed taking their medication. I think they're becoming irrational.

VIYRAN:

Why haven't they taken their medication?

DAVID:

They... they gave it... gave it to some of the others. I'm sorry, I wasn't here and–

ELLEN:

Yes, we gave it to the others, because you'd prefer them all to starve and die out there. My daughter died out there! My daughter!!!

VIYRAN:

We must take action.

A HIGH-PITCHED SOUND, PAINFUL.

ALL CRY OUT.

DAVID:

[IN PAIN] No! Please, what are you doing?!?

32. EXT. FOREST.

THE HIGH-PITCHED SOUND IS AUDIBLE HERE, AS THE DOCTOR AND DRISCOLL RUN IN AND HALT.

DRISCOLL:

What the hell's going on? What is that?

DOCTOR:

High frequency sound.

DRISCOLL:

You don't say... like a weapon or something?

DOCTOR:

Well, it could be, but I don't know for—

THE SOUND SHUTS OFF.

Interesting. Shall we—? [go?]

IN THE DISTANCE, THE VIYRAN SHIP STARTS TO TAKE OFF.

DRISCOLL:

It's taking off! That damn thing's taking off already!

DOCTOR:

Come on!

CROSS-FADE TO SHIP SHOOTING UPWARDS AT TREMENDOUS SPEED.

CUT TO...

EXT. COMPOUND.

DOCTOR AND DRISCOLL'S FOOTSTEPS RUN ACROSS CONCRETE.

THEY COME TO A HALT.

DOCTOR:

Charley! Charley, are you here?!

DRISCOLL:

Doctor, look. Are they dead? Are they all dead?

ELLEN:

[COMING GROUND. GROANS]

DRISCOLL:

Ellen...

DRISCOLL DASHES TO HER SIDE.

DOCTOR:

There's your answer. [TO HIMSELF] Charley, where are you?

ELLEN:

[GROGGY] Ed? Ed, is that you?

DRISCOLL:

It's all right. You're all right. What happened here?

ELLEN:

You're... you're... different. The meds... you took the meds, didn't you?

DRISCOLL:

Yeah, thanks to this guy.

ELLEN:

Who are *you*?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor, what happened here? Who was in that spaceship?

33. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

RISING TONE OF ENGINES, THEN THEY SETTLE.

DAVID IS INSIDE A GLASS COFFIN, WITH APPROPRIATE ACOUSTIC EFFECT.

DAVID:

[GASPS, WAKING SUDDENLY] What... ? What happened?

CHARLEY:

You're safe. We're settling down into orbit now, I think.

DAVID:

Charlotte?

CHARLEY:

Do you mean me, or her?

DAVID:

Wha—? Oh.

CONTROL ACTIVATES.

CHARLEY:

I'm releasing you from your pod.

GLASS DOOR SLIDES BACK.

It's safe for you to get out. It's all right.

DAVID:

[COFFIN ACOUSTIC GONE NOW] This place... it's... [ENORMOUS] We're inside the Viyran ship?

CHARLEY:

We are.

DAVID:

It's like... I dunno what it's like... but it's enormous.

CHARLEY:

Always puts me in mind of a cathedral built by a plumber... with no taste in colour matching.

DAVID:

If you say so. What about her? The other Ch—

CHARLEY:

I don't know. The Viyrans don't seem to be releasing control on her. She's staying in her pod. Pity, because I've got one or two questions I'd like to ask her.

DAVID:

You called her... 'Mila' before? Why?

CHARLEY:

Because that's who she is.

DAVID:

But she said... she said she was Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY:

I bet she did.

DAVID:

Then... who are you?

CHARLEY:

I'm the real Charlotte Pollard. Pleased to meet you, David.

34. EXT. COMPOUND.

ATHERTON:

[GROANS, COMING ROUND] What the hell... ? Oooh, my head.

DOCTOR:

It's all right, old chap. You're going to be all right. Just a momentary sensory confusion brought on by high frequency—

ATHERTON:

Who the hell are you? [GUN COCKS] Keep back! Everyone, weapons at the ready!

GUNS BEING COCKED.

DRISCOLL:

Atherton, just calm down, will you—?

ATHERTON:

Shut up! Nobody move!

DRISCOLL:

Sergeant Atherton, this man is helping us.

ATHERTON:

'Us'? You're nothing to do with 'us', Driscoll! You're part of that Forester rabble out there!

DOCTOR:

You seem rather agitated, Sergeant, is something the matter? Why don't you tell us what happened here?

ATHERTON:

I said *shut up!*

DOCTOR:

[RESOLUTELY CALM] No need to get excited. I'm looking for my friend... Charlotte Pollard. Is she here?

ELLEN:

She *was* here. Oh yeah, she was here all right.

DOCTOR:

'Was'? You mean... she was taken into that ship?

ELLEN:

Yeah, both of—

ATHERTON FIRES HIS GUN INTO THE AIR.

ATHERTON:

That's enough! I'm in charge here now! You'll all listen to me!

DRISCOLL:

[TO ELLEN] Where's McCallister?

ELLEN:

They took him too.

DOCTOR:

Who took him?

ATHERTON:

The Viyrans, of course! The people you work for!

DOCTOR:

[TAKEN ABACK] The... Viyrans?

ATHERTON:

[IN A RAGE] I've warned you more than once! *Another word out of you and you're dead!!!*

35. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF VIYRANS ENTERING.

DAVID:

Stay back!

CHARLEY:

Don't worry, David, you're safe. They won't hurt–

VIYRAN:

We only took aggressive action before because the situation was becoming dangerous. None of the humans were harmed.

DAVID:

I see. Sorry... I... I trust you, of course. I'm sorry. You've done a lot for us. You know I'm extremely grateful. My friends down there... well, they're apprehensive, and as I said, there was an incident with the meds.

VIYRAN:

What incident?

A SCANNING SOUND.

DAVID:

[NERVOUSLY OVER-EXPLAINING] One of the local group of survivors... he's an ex-partner of one of our group... Ellen. He was the father of her child... the child died. His name's Driscoll, he's quite a determined man. Despite everything, he remembers the emotional attachment and it makes him angry. He stirs up a lot of trouble... and while I was away, liaising with the other bases, he and his group stole–

CHARLEY:

Er, David, I don't think they're listening.

DAVID:

Oh, but... I see.

CHARLEY:

Trust me, the Vyrans are pretty single-minded about their work. Nothing much gets in their way.

FADE UP SCANNING SOUND.

36. EXT. COMPOUND.

LARGE METAL DOOR IS OPENED AND CLANGS BACK VIOLENTLY.

ATHERTON:

[RAGE] Right! In there! Both of you! Now!

DOCTOR:

This really isn't necessary!

ELLEN:

Sergeant, what are you—? [doing?]

ATHERTON:

[TURNS ON HER] You wanna be locked up with 'em too?

DRISCOLL:

Atherton, I know it's difficult, but just try to think for a moment—

ATHERTON:

Shut it!!!

GUN COCKS.

DOCTOR:

No! Sergeant!

ELLEN:

No, please don't shoot him! Please don't!

ATHERTON:

[A NOISE OF FRUSTRATION] Get in there with them!

ELLEN:

[YELPS AS SHE'S SHOVED]

DOCTOR:

All right, all right, steady now!

DRISCOLL:

Sergeant, you're making a big mistake!

WHAM, THE DOOR SHUTS OFF THE END OF HIS WORDS.

CUT TO...

INT. MAINTENANCE HUT.

ALL RECOVER, VOCALLY.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry to say your Sergeant Atherton seems to have some severe anger management issues.

DRISCOLL:

You could say that.

DOCTOR:

Er... where exactly are we? The guard house?

ELLEN:

Maintenance hut... for copter.

DOCTOR:

Mmm, I see.

DRISCOLL:

Wherever he's put us... we have to get out *fast*.

ELLEN:

You serious? Better off in here. Looked like he might kill.

DRISCOLL:

That's nothing to what the Foresters will do when they discover I'm gone.

DOCTOR:

Your people... in the woods?

DRISCOLL:

Yeah.

DOCTOR:

And they'll come looking for you here. Atherton and his people will react and—

ELLEN:

Bloodbath.

DRISCOLL:

Thirty-odd people with automatic weapons against a mindless, angry, hungry mob of a few thousand...

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid you're right, Ellen. Whoever wins, it'll be a massacre.

37. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

VIYRAN SCANNING SOUND.

DAVID:

They're just... ignoring us.

CHARLEY:

They're like that. Er... Hello? What are you doing?

VIYRAN:

We are making a full spectrum scan of the duplicate Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY:

Mila. And?

VIYRAN:

It will take some time to process the results fully.

DAVID:

What do you hope to find out?

VIYRAN:

That does not concern you, David.

DAVID:

I... see.

SCANNING STOPS.

VIYRAN:

Your concern is the Blue Forgotten Planet Project. How is that proceeding?

DAVID:

Er... well. Very well, I think. You got those initial transmissions of the footage?

VIYRAN:

Yes.

DAVID:

I thought there were some great shots. What did you think?

VIYRAN:

Yes. The shots were... great. We... liked them.

DAVID:

Good... good.

VIYRAN:

When will there be more?

DAVID:

Well... er... soon. Yes, soon. I've given all the groups worldwide the go-ahead, so... so...

VIYRAN:

Thank you, David. We appreciate your help.

THE VIYRANS MOVE OFF AND LEAVE, DOOR CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

DAVID:

[THEY'VE GONE] Oh... well... thanks.

CHARLEY:

That 'personal touch' never seems quite real, does it?

DAVID:

They're alien... I've always tried not to judge them by human standards. And they've helped us... saved us.

CHARLEY:

[A LITTLE DUBIOUS] Yes... yes, I suppose they have.

DAVID:

How long have you known them... the Viyrans?

CHARLEY:

Known them? I hardly think I know them at all... but they tell me I've been on this ship for several millennia.

38. INT. GUARD HOUSE.

DRISCOLL HAMMERS ON DOOR.

DRISCOLL:

Atherton! Atherton! We need to talk to you! Get a grip, man! You can fight it!

DOCTOR:

I don't think he's in the mood to listen... Ed?

DRISCOLL HAMMERS SOME MORE.

GIVES UP.

DRISCOLL:

No...

DOCTOR:

But I am. Tell me about this medication supplied by the Viyrans.

DRISCOLL:

You're really nothing to do with them, are you?

DOCTOR:

I've encountered them before, I admit. But I've no idea why they've come to Earth. [VOCAL SOUND OF EFFORT AS HE MOVES A LARGE GAS CYLINDER] Interesting. [HE TINKERS THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE SCENE.]

DRISCOLL:

What are you doing there?

DOCTOR:

Trying to find a way out. Do carry on... The 'meds'?

DRISCOLL:

The meds they send... some kind of vaccine, I suppose. Reverses the effect of the madness.

DOCTOR:

The 'madness'?

DRISCOLL:

You don't know much at all, do you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

That's why I'm asking questions.

DRISCOLL:

[TO DEMONSTRATE] All right. Ellen, Ellen?

ELLEN:

[MAKES A FRIGHTENED WHIMPER]

DRISCOLL:

It's all right, my love. Come here. You'll be all right.

FOOTSTEPS AS SHE TENTATIVELY PADS OVER.

DOCTOR:

What's the matter with her?

DRISCOLL:

I could see it beginning before... Ellen, tell the Doctor what you do here in the compound.

ELLEN:

[VERY UNCERTAIN] Compound? That's here... right?

DRISCOLL:

[KINDLY] That's right. What do you and David McCallister's lot work on here?

ELLEN:

[TRYING TO REMEMBER] Mmm... mmmm... don't... don't remember. Ed? You gonna kill me? [ANGRY] You gonna kill me! No! Get away! Get away!

DRISCOLL:

[OVERLAPPING, CALMING HER] S'alright, Ellen. No need to be afraid. We'll look after you.

ELLEN'S ANGER SUBSIDES INTO WHIMPERS.

Well, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

She's forgetting everything. She just seems to be afraid... and angry. You weren't unlike this when we first met. So... this is the 'madness'.

DRISCOLL:

It's like a rage or a terrible fear. Like a fog in your mind. Confusion. You can't think straight. You fight to remember the simplest thing. How to talk, how to light a fire... how to *think!* And you saw it in Atherton too, the beginnings of it?

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

DRISCOLL:

Well, without the 'meds' from the Viyrans, that's what happens to all human beings. That's what everyone has been like for as long as anyone can remember.

DOCTOR:

But why?

DRISCOLL:

And the trouble is, there aren't enough meds to go round... and... [SIGHS, ASHAMED]

DOCTOR:

Ed? What is it?

DRISCOLL:

A couple of days ago... well... [HE STOPS]

DOCTOR:

You stole all the meds from this compound, didn't you? That's why there was that large stockpile of them sitting around uselessly outside your encampment. I see. But that still doesn't tell me 'why' all this has happened... what this 'madness' is.

DRISCOLL:

Ooooh, that's the big one, Doctor. The question no one can answer. Maybe not even the Viyrans. Why, one day, the whole human race... just forgot...

DOCTOR:

Forgot everything? [SUCCESSFULLY UNSCREWS CYLINDER HEAD]
Ah, got it.

DRISCOLL:

Everything useful... like civilization.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Mr Driscoll... what year is it?

DRISCOLL:

We don't know.

DOCTOR:

You don't— ?

DRISCOLL:

The vaccine gives us back our humanity, Doctor. But we can't remember much about what happened before the madness came. All our knowledge has come from the

Viyrans and what they've told their little pet, David McCallister– Doctor, what the hell are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Give me a hand... Well, you want to get out of here, don't you?

39. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

WALKING THROUGH CORRIDOR. DOOR OPENS AS THEY PROCEED.

DAVID:

Where are we going?

CHARLEY:

The Viyrans are being typically secretive. I want to find out about Mila. What their scans reveal. And I think... yes, their laboratories are down here... as far as I remember. Unless they've moved them again.

DAVID:

So... you work for them? The Viyrans.

CHARLEY:

Huh... that sounds like I've got a formal contract or something. I wouldn't put it quite like that. Er... turning left here.

DAVID:

How did you get to be on this ship?

CHARLEY:

It's a long story— Hold on, I think we need to go back the other way. Sorry. Follow me.

DAVID:

And how come there are... two of you? Is she a twin?

CHARLEY:

No, she certainly isn't!

DAVID:

Then what?

CHARLEY STOPS. DAVID STOPS TOO.

CHARLEY:

Look... David... Let's just take this one step at a time, all right?

DAVID:

[GETTING INCREASINGLY AGITATED] Wait a minute! I've trusted the Viyrans. They came here to help us. That's what they said. And I believe them. Why shouldn't I? They've helped, they've given us the vaccine. But you... You're something different. So tell me, what exactly have you got to do with the Viyrans' plan to save Earth?

CHARLEY:

Their plan to save the Earth? Mm... well... David... It's not quite as simple as that.

DAVID:

What's that supposed to mean?

CHARLEY:

Look, I don't know why they brought you here! It was probably just a mistake, like everything else that's been going on here recently—

DAVID:

Mistake? *What's* going on here? I've a right to know!

CHARLEY:

I dare say you have, David. But I'll tell you one thing, when it comes to people's rights, the Viyrans usually have something else on their minds. Now, if you really want to be helpful, you can tell *me* something I need to know.

DAVID:

Why should I trust you?

CHARLEY:

Oh, I don't know! Because we're both human beings?!? Because there's an almighty mess here and I can think of only one person who'll be able to sort it all out.

DAVID:

Who?

CHARLEY:

The Doctor! Have you heard of him? Did you see him? Did Mila mention him?

PAUSE.

Well? Oh come on, David, please.

DAVID:

She mentioned him. Who is he?

CHARLEY:

He's our only hope. And he's down there, on Earth?

DAVID:

Yes.

CHARLEY:

Right, change of plan. We've got to find one of the Viyrans' shuttles and get down there... *now*.

40. INT. MAINTENANCE HUT.

DOCTOR:

[FINAL PHYSICAL EFFORT]... good.

CLANG AS HE PUTS A LARGE CYLINDER ON THE GROUND.

Stand back, please, Ellen. Right back.

ELLEN:

You gonna kill us?

DOCTOR:

Very possibly, if you don't stand right at the other end of the hut... Good girl.

DRISCOLL:

So what's in this?

DOCTOR:

This tank by the door contains a few dregs of aviation fuel... not much, but enough.

DRISCOLL:

Enough for what?

DOCTOR:

For the impact of the valve from *that* tank over there to cause an explosion. Impressed?

DRISCOLL:

Er... well...

DOCTOR:

There must have been utter chaos when this 'madness' consumed the human race, am I right?

DRISCOLL:

Wars broke out, there was mass murder. And no one knew how to work the technology any more.

DOCTOR:

That crater I saw out there—?

DRISCOLL:

Used to be an oil refinery. No one knew how to run it safely. It just blew up, taking the city with it. No one knew how to cure diseases, build things, grow things... There were epidemics, catastrophes... The human population was cut by over two billion in a decade... they say.

DOCTOR:

'They' meaning the Viyrans, I take it?

DRISCOLL:

Yeah. They came and helped us. Their ships landed all over the world. Alien saviours. But it was too little too late. They just set up small survivor groups. Gave the temporary vaccine to a privileged few.

DOCTOR:

They didn't have a plan to save the whole of Mankind?

DRISCOLL:

Oh, they had a plan all right, and they selected a puppet to implement it for them.

DOCTOR:

A puppet? Who?

DRISCOLL:

His name is David McCallister.

DOCTOR:

I see. Um... how do you know all this, Ed?

DRISCOLL:

Because I used to be part of his happy little team here... until I walked out in disgust.

DOCTOR:

Because of the plan? What was it?

DRISCOLL:

[DERISIVE] To make documentaries.

DOCTOR:

Documentaries?

DRISCOLL:

Charity appeals to the Viyrans.

DOCTOR:

Charity... ? I confess I know very little about them, but somehow that just doesn't sound like their style.

DRISCOLL:

Now, are we going to get out of here or not?

DOCTOR:

Back here, with me... behind the second tank.

FOOTSTEPS AS DRISCOLL AND DOCTOR MOVE AWAY FROM DOOR.

DRISCOLL:

And what's in *this* one?

DOCTOR:

Compressed oxygen. I've loosened the valve all I dare. All we need to do now is give it a good whack with something, and the valve will shoot off, propelled by the escaping oxygen, into that fuel tank. 'Ka-boom' and we blow the door off.

DRISCOLL:

What do we hit it with?

DOCTOR:

Something big and heavy... there's a pile of old tools over there.

DRISCOLL:

Right... [WITH EFFORT, PICKS UP A BIG HAMMER] This do?

DOCTOR:

Splendidly, I'd say. Hopefully Sergeant Atherton and his people won't be expecting the door to blow up.

41. EXT. COMPOUND.

SOLDIER:

[RUNNING UP AT FULL PELT] Sergeant! Sergeant!

ATHERTON:

What is it, Soldier?

SOLDIER:

[OUT OF BREATH] Patrols report Foresters movin'!

DISTANT AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

ATHERTON:

Our people in trouble. We gotta defend!

HUGE EXPLOSION. DEBRIS FALLS TO THE GROUND.

SOLDIER AND ATHERTON GASPING, RECOVERING.

What—?

SOLDIER:

Driscoll and them gettin' away!

ATHERTON:

How... ? Shoot 'em! Fire!

GUNS FIRE.

42. EXT. WOODLAND.

FOOTSTEPS CRASH THROUGH UNDERGROWTH AS BULLETS WHISTLE PAST.

DRISCOLL:

This way! Keep running!

ELLEN:

Aaargh! No!

DOCTOR:

Come on, Ellen! We're right behind you, Ed!!!

BULLETS WHISTLING PAST AND IMPACTING ON TREES.

43. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. SHUTTLE BAY.

LARGE DOOR OPENS.

VOICES ARE HUSHED.

CHARLEY:

Right, this is it... shuttle bay.

DAVID:

Do you know how to fly these things?

CHARLEY:

Well, I've travelled in them quite a few times, so I'm pretty sure I'll be all right. I mean, how difficult can it be? Anyway, we don't have a choice, we have to find the Doctor.

[BEAT] Right... No Viyrans about. Good. Come on.

DAVID:

Just... hold on.

CHARLEY:

What?

DAVID:

I still don't understand *why* we need your friend the Doctor.

CHARLEY:

Because—

DAVID:

Yes, I know you think he'll sort out the mess on Earth, but the Viyrans are already doing that. Why do we need the Doctor to—?

CHARLEY:

Look, David, you seem like a nice, trusting chap, and I don't want to upset you, but... well...

DAVID:

Well what?

CHARLEY:

All that trouble on Earth? Everyone losing their memories and reverting to barbarism?

DAVID:

The 'madness', yes.

CHARLEY:

You think the Viyrans came to save you from that, don't you? Like medical missionaries or something?

DAVID:

They did... they are.

CHARLEY:

David... It was the Viyrans who caused the madness in the first place.

DAVID:

What? But—!

DOOR OPENS. VIYRANS APPROACH.

VIYRAN:

Charlotte Pollard, we do not wish you to leave this ship. Why are you attempting to leave?

CHARLEY:

Because I want to find the Doctor.

VIYRAN:

We know of your desire to find the Doctor. We have promised to help you.

CHARLEY:

Then how come he's down there on Earth and you haven't told me? Just slipped your minds, did it?

PAUSE.

No answer for that, then?

DAVID:

This woman has told me that—

VIYRAN:

You will come to the central control area with us.

CHARLEY:

What if I'd rather take a shuttle down to Earth?

VIYRAN:

We will not permit that.

VIYRANS MOVING CLOSER.

CHARLEY:

[SOTTO, TO DAVID] Beginning to get the picture, David?

44. EXT. WOODLAND.

DOCTOR, DRISCOLL AND ELLEN DASH THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.

DRISCOLL:
This is it.

THEY COME TO A HALT, OUT OF BREATH.

ELLEN:
Meds... You got meds.

DISTANT GUNFIRE. CONTINUES SPORADICALLY THROUGHOUT SCENE.

DOCTOR:
That's coming from the wrong direction to be Atherton's people at the compound.

DRISCOLL:
It'll be one of his patrols, further to the west... which means the Foresters are on the move. Give me a hand with this injector, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
That's the one I used on you. This one's full.

DRISCOLL:
Ellen, come here, my love.

ELLEN:
You gonna hurt me?

DRISCOLL:
Only a bit.

INJECTOR INJECTS.

ELLEN:
[GASPS IN PAIN, THEN SLUMPS]

DRISCOLL:
It's all right... I've got you.

ELLEN:
[GROANS IN PAIN]

DOCTOR:
I suggest we get as many of these cases of vaccine as we can and take them back to the compound.

DRISCOLL:
What about my people? The Foresters.

DOCTOR:

Your people? They're all your people, Ed, the Foresters and the 'Compounders'. They're all human beings. It isn't a question of taking sides.

DRISCOLL:

The Viyrans made us take sides, by helping some and leaving others to die.

DOCTOR:

All I know is that a lot more people will die if we leave the ones with guns in a state of primitive barbarism.

ELLEN:

[RECOVERING] He's right, Ed.

DRISCOLL:

Ellen, thank God you're—

ELLEN:

Atherton's got a pretty large arsenal of stuff at the compound, and he's got the whole place wired up to explode if we're infiltrated. I had to beg him not to hit the button last time you came to the compound.

DOCTOR:

Then that makes it even more imperative that we inject some sense into Atherton.

DRISCOLL:

[RELUCTANTLY] All right. Let's grab the cases and go.

45. INT. VIYRAN SHIP CENTRAL CONTROL.

DOOR OPENS.

FOOTSTEPS OF CHARLEY AND DAVID. VIYRANS MOVING.

SOUND OF SCANNER IMAGES CHANGING.

DAVID:

That's the footage we sent you. What are you doing?

VIYRAN:

We are... reviewing it. It is... great.

CHARLEY:

You were doing more than that. You were scanning it. I don't understand your technology, but I've seen you scanning for viruses enough times to know—

VIYRAN:

You need not concern yourself with our work on Earth, Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY:

Why not? You woke me up because you wanted my help. So, come on, tell us... tell us both what you're actually up to!

46. EXT. COMPOUND.

ATHERTON:
Don't move!

GUNS COCK.

DOCTOR:
All right, all right. We're not moving.

DRISCOLL:
Atherton, we've come to help y-

ATHERTON:
Shut it!!! Shut it!!! Men, fire! Kill them!!!

ELLEN:
No! Atherton! Can't you see we've got the meds?

ATHERTON:
Wha... ? Meds?

DOCTOR:
Yes, don't you remember?

ATHERTON:
Shut it!!!

ELLEN:
Here... look. Remember, I made you stand by and let Driscoll take them.

ATHERTON:
Driscoll! He walked out on us!

ELLEN:
Yes, but he's back. We're all back. And we've brought the meds with us... so the Foresters can't get them.

ATHERTON:
[CONFUSED, UNCERTAIN GRUNTS]

DRISCOLL:
[SOTTO] He's too far gone.

DOCTOR:
[SOTTO] I don't think so. I'm assuming everyone in the compound has been receiving the vaccine for some time?

ELLEN:
[SOTTO] That's true, Doctor, yes, years.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Then the vaccine may have built up a cumulative resistance against whatever chemical imbalance in the brain has caused this 'madness'. And look... they still know how to hold and presumably use their guns. So, I think there's just a chance that—

ATHERTON:

Give me meds! Give it me!

ELLEN:

Here.

SHE HANDS IT OVER.

ATHERTON:

I will... inject!

INJECTOR INJECTS.

Aaargh!

47. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL CENTRE.

VIYRAN SCANNER IS BLEEPING.

CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] Notice how we're not getting any answers?

DAVID:

[SOTTO] What's that? I recognize that.

CHARLEY:

[SOTTO] What? David, no—!

FOOTSTEPS AS HE MOVES FORWARD.

DAVID:

[ALoud] There's a satellite view of my compound on this screen! Listen to me! Have you seen this?

VIYRAN:

Yes. It is a view from this ship's orbital position.

DAVID:

But... what's all this movement? Here.

VIYRAN APPROACHES.

VIYRAN:

The people you call 'Foresters'. There are many thousands of them moving towards your compound with hostile intent.

DAVID:

But... why?

VIYRAN:

That does not concern us.

DAVID:

Does not concern... ? But why not? Can't you intervene? You must have the power to intervene... even if the madness is all your fault! If the Foresters attack the compound, Atherton and his men will open fire. There'll be a terrible loss of life. We can't just sit here and allow that—

VIYRAN:

The information you have supplied to us makes intervention unnecessary.

CHARLEY:

The cameras they gave you have built-in bio-scanners.

DAVID:

What? Built-in... ? What are you talking about?

CHARLEY:

The Blue Forgotten Planet project isn't a charity appeal, David. They wanted shots of every human face to... well...
[SHE STOPS]

VIYRAN:

You may continue, Charlotte. The sample of scans David has given us is enough information to make a conclusion.

CHARLEY:

No! You can't give up yet. What about me? And Mila? You haven't explained that yet.

VIYRAN:

We will solve that problem in due course.

CHARLEY:

But the Doctor's down there, you can't—

VIYRAN:

The Doctor has chosen to involve himself. We cannot answer for him.

DAVID:

Look, I don't understand what's going on here. Charlotte, what are they saying? What are *you* talking about?

VIYRAN:

You may explain.

CHARLEY:

[ENRAGED] May I? Oh, thanks! I'll make it short then, *shall I?*

DAVID:

Charlotte? What is it? Tell me.

CHARLEY:

I think... [SHE CAN BARELY BRING HERSELF TO SAY IT] I think the Viyrans are going to wipe out the human race.

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

PART 3

48. EXT. COMPOUND.

THE SOUND OF THOUSANDS OF FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.
THE LOW, ANGRY MOAN OF THE APPROACHING FORESTERS.

ELLEN: [DISTORT]

This is Blue Forgotten Base One to all bases. We need your urgent help. Our compound is under siege. We have thousands of unvaccinated survivors surrounding us. We fear for our lives. Over.

STATIC HISS, FADE OUT...

SOLDIER:

Here they come, Sarge!

ATHERTON:

Stand by to open fire!

CRASH IN OPENING THEME.

49. EXT. COMPOUND.

MASS COCKING OF GUNS.

ATHERTON:

Take aim!!!

DRISCOLL:

Giving Atherton and his soldiers the injections may have cured them of the 'madness'... but now we know they were just bloodthirsty killers all along.

DOCTOR:

Sergeant, there has to be another solution!

ATHERTON:

Well, I'm open to suggestions, Doctor, but right now I can see over a thousand zombies heading straight at us.

DRISCOLL:

They're not zombies! They're human beings like you and me.

ATHERTON:

Like you, maybe, Driscoll, but not like us. [ALOUD] Wait for the order to fire! Mark your targets and keep a grip of yourselves!

DOCTOR:

Atherton! Ellen is contacting the other survival bases, we have to wait until—

ATHERTON:

They won't help us! They won't get here in time! Face it, Doctor! We're on our own.

50. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL CENTRE.

DAVID:

But I don't understand, you said you came to Earth to help us.

VIYRAN:

We have helped you. But now the help must stop.

DAVID:

But why?

CHARLEY:

Because of their mission, David. Their mission to wipe out all trace of the Amethyst viruses.

DAVID:

Amethyst... ? What are Amethyst viruses? You mean the madness is a virus?

CHARLEY:

No... That was their attempt at a cure. And it went wrong.

DAVID:

What? How could the madness be a cure... a cure for what?

51. EXT. COMPOUND.

FOOTSTEPS AS ELLEN RUSHES UP TO JOIN THEM.

ELLEN:

[OUT OF BREATH] It's no good... it's no good. None of the bases can spare any help. They're all running low on meds and—

ATHERTON:

What did I tell you, Doctor?

SOLDIER:

Outer perimeter explosives now primed, Sarge!

DOCTOR:

We've got to contact the Viyrans.

ELLEN:

The Viyrans? But how? And what will they do anyway?

ATHERTON:

Give me the detonator.

SOLDIER:

Sarge.

DRISCOLL:

You can't just blow them up!

ATHERTON:

Just watch me. We detonate the outer perimeter charges. Cut their numbers down, maybe even scare them off.

DOCTOR:

Listen to me! The Viyrans came to Earth to help you. There's no reason why they won't help you now.

52. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL CENTRE.

VIYRAN:

We cannot help Mankind now. We detected one particle per human of the 001 Variant of Amethyst Icosahedral Plasmid Virus 9007/41.

DAVID:

What does that mean?

VIYRAN:

We launched a meson radiation disseminator to destroy that particle in every human being. We did not foresee the side effect.

DAVID:

Side effect?

CHARLEY:

The 'madness', David. The radiation caused some kind of massive chemical imbalance... somehow the result was that the human race had civilization wiped clean from its collective brains.

53. EXT. COMPOUND.

ELLEN:

Only David ever called them, I don't know how–

DOCTOR:

Take me to the transmitter array.

ATHERTON:

It's too late for all that, Doctor. The only solution is to detonate the perimeter charges. If they get through that, we pick as many off as we can. If they're still coming at us after *that*, we retreat to our dug-outs in the East and detonate the charges in the compound.

DOCTOR:

Sergeant Atherton, you must see that this is utterly barbaric.

ATHERTON:

As barbaric as that lot ripping us to pieces? [ALoud]
Stand by, people! Stand by!

DOCTOR:

Ed, you've got to buy us some time.

DRISCOLL:

How?

DOCTOR:

You said they're coming here because of you–

DRISCOLL:

They're coming here because of the vaccine!

ATHERTON:

There isn't any left!

DRISCOLL:

But they're not going to understand that!

DOCTOR:

Can't you speak to them, Ed? Won't they recognize you?
It might at least slow them down.

DRISCOLL:

So that you have time to talk to the Viyrans? You really think they'll listen?

ELLEN:

Isn't it worth a try, Ed?

DRISCOLL:

They only ever wanted to talk to their pet McCallister.

DOCTOR:

Well, they may talk to me. I've met them before. Come on, Ed, *will you do it?*

DRISCOLL:

I don't know... Look at them out there. You don't know what it's like, Doctor. When you've got the madness... nothing makes much sense any more. You just feel angry... and afraid. And... well, I made these people angry about the Compound, didn't I? In a way, this is my fault.

DOCTOR:

I don't know exactly whose fault all this is, Ed, but it isn't yours. This whole situation is a mess... and one that I suspect should not be happening at all.

ATHERTON:

What's that supposed to mean?

SOLDIER:

They've reached the perimeter, Sarge!

ATHERTON:

Right, that's it!

DRISCOLL:

No! I'll go.

ATHERTON:

What?

DRISCOLL:

Let me try!

DOCTOR:

Good man.

DRISCOLL:

I'll give it my best shot. You'd better get to work on that transmitter, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Don't take any unnecessary risks, Mr Driscoll.

ELLEN:

Good luck, Ed.

ED AND ELLEN KISS.

DRISCOLL:

Go with the Doctor. If things go badly–

ELLEN:

No–

DRISCOLL:

Don't look back. Keep running. I love you.

ELLEN:

I know. I love you too.

DOCTOR:

Come on, Ellen.

THEY DASH OFF.

DRISCOLL:

So... Will you let me through, Atherton?

ATHERTON:

Driscoll, they'll tear you to pieces–

DRISCOLL:

No, they'll remember me. I'm sure they will. I *hope* they will. Give me a chance, Atherton. What do you say?

54. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL CENTRE.

DAVID:

All right, so it's all your fault! And now you're just going to eradicate us to cover up the mistake?

VIYRAN:

If the viruses cannot be eliminated, then the carriers themselves must be eliminated. It is a small price to pay for expunging all knowledge of the viruses.

CHARLEY:

A small price?!? You're not the ones paying it.

VIYRAN:

We must follow our mission imperatives. That is why we were summoned.

DAVID:

But why did you bother to lie to us about the Blue Forgotten Planet project... filming every human face? Were you just mocking us? Is that part of your mission?

VIYRAN:

We needed to make a more detailed scan to assess the results of the meson radiation treatment.

CHARLEY:

But you haven't scanned every human being on Earth yet.

55. EXT. COMPOUND.

SOLDIER:

You think he'll stop them?

ATHERTON:

Dunno... but he's a braver man than me. Be ready to open fire if they rush him.

DRISCOLL:

[IN THE DISTANCE] Fellow Foresters! You know me! I am Driscoll! You know me and you trust me!

ATHERTON:

My God... they've stopped.

DRISCOLL:

[IN THE DISTANCE] I am one of you! You can trust me!

CROSS-FADE TO OPPOSITE PERSPECTIVE, CLOSE TO DRISCOLL.

I know you're angry. I understand. I feel that anger too! You've seen how angry I've been before! But these people here... they mean you no harm! It isn't their fault!

56. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

VIYRAN:

The sample is comprehensive enough. No further evidence is needed.

CHARLEY:

What?

DAVID:

What are they saying?

VIYRAN:

All the scans received so far show that the virus particle is still present in the human race. And now, our schedule demands that we move on to the next stage of the mission.

CHARLEY:

What? So you've just run out of time! You can't be bothered to try again!?

VIYRAN:

There is no need.

DAVID:

No need? Not even to save—?

TRANSMITTER STATIC.

DOCTOR:

[HEAVILY DISTORTED] Hello! Hello! Come in, please!

CHARLEY:

Doctor? Doctor, is that you?

DOCTOR:

[HEAVILY DISTORTED] Do you hear me? This is the Doctor. Remember me? Hello!

CHARLEY:

Well, aren't you going to answer him?

VIYRAN:

There is no need.

CHARLEY:

I have a need! I do! And I've done a lot for you over the past few millennia. You know that! You couldn't have completed your mission on some of the planets you've been to if it weren't for me!

DAVID:

What did you do for them?

VIYRAN:

That is not relevant at this time.

DOCTOR:

Hello? Hello! We are beaming our signal directly into orbit. Can you hear me? Please... Come in. We are boosting the signal as much as we can. There is an emergency situation down here. We need your help.

CHARLEY: [OVERLAP IN POST-PRODUCTION]

It's relevant to me! You promised you'd let me know if you ever found him! Well, you've found him... and I at least want to speak to him, before you do whatever you're going to do.

VIYRANS MOVING AROUND. CONTROLS BEING OPERATED.

DAVID:

What are they doing?

CHARLEY:

Preparing to 'expunge' the human race, probably— Let me speak to the Doctor!

VIYRAN:

The disseminator is now being prepared.

DAVID:

What disseminator?

VIYRAN:

A disseminator that will impact on Earth and release radiation which will cleanse the planet of the human race.

DAVID:

'Cleanse'? This is a nightmare.

VIYRAN:

In the time remaining, you may speak to the Doctor.

BLEEP.

CHARLEY:

Doctor-Doctor-it's-me!

57. INT. COMPOUND BUILDING.

DOCTOR:

Charley? Charley, can you hear me?

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] Of course I can hear you, I'm on the Viyran ship. Just listen to me—

DOCTOR:

Wait a minute, Charley, I have to speak to the Viyrans. They have to help us. There are thousands of—

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] Doctor, they know all that! We can see it from up here, but they're not going to help you.

DOCTOR:

What?

ELLEN:

Oh no. I knew it.

DOCTOR:

Sssh! Why not?

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] It's too complicated to explain now, but you've got to listen to me. Get to the TARDIS! Now! Get to it as fast as possible and leave Earth!

DOCTOR:

Charley, I can't just—

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] They're going to destroy the human race!

DOCTOR:

What? Why—?

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] Oh Doctor, does it matter why? They're going to do it and they're going to do it any minute now, so get out of there!

DOCTOR:

How? How are they going to destroy the human—?

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] It's too late for you to do anything about—

DOCTOR:

It's never too late, Charley!

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] Oh Doctor, I've missed you. I've missed you so much. But you've got to trust me. I know the Viyrans.

DOCTOR:

[CONFUSED] You know—?

CHARLEY:

[DISTORT] I know what they're capable of, and there's nothing you can do to stop them. Please, you've got to save yourself and—

STATIC.

DOCTOR:

Charley? Charley!

ELLEN:

There's no signal. She's been cut off.

DOCTOR:

What did she mean?

ELLEN:

She meant we're dead—

DOCTOR:

[PUZZLED] No... 'I know the Viyrans... I know what they're capable of'.

ELLEN:

Does that matter? Looks like nothing matters—

DOCTOR:

Helicopter! Can you pilot it?

EXPLOSION IN THE DISTANCE.

ELLEN:

Oh no. [RUNNING OUT] Ed! Ed!

DOOR OPENS.

CUT TO...

58. EXT. COMPOUND.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION. THE SOUND OF THE FORESTERS SCREAMING AND SHOUTING, ADVANCING.

ELLEN:

Ed!!!

ATHERTON:

[IN THE DISTANCE] *Open fire!!!*

HEAVY AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE FOR THIRTY GUNS.

DRISCOLL'S FOOTSTEPS RUN UP TO US ON CONCRETE.

DRISCOLL:

[OUT OF BREATH] *It was no good! No good! I thought they were gonna listen, and then—*

DOCTOR:

You did your best, Ed—

DRISCOLL:

[SCORN] *Yeah, and now Atherton's doing his.*

ELLEN:

It doesn't matter, Ed. Nothing matters now.

DRISCOLL:

What? Doctor, did you get through to—

ELLEN:

The Viyrans are gonna kill us all—

DRISCOLL:

What?

DOCTOR:

We've got to get into your helicopter.

ELLEN:

What good will that do?

DOCTOR:

*Can either of you pilot it? Never mind, I'll work it out! Quickly! Follow me! **Come on!***

THEY DASH OFF.

ATHERTON:

[IN THE DISTANCE] *Fall back! Fall back!*

FIRING CONTINUES. THE FORESTERS SURGE EVER FORWARD, A WALL OF VOCAL SOUND – CRIES AND SCREAMS OF RAGE. HOLD ON THAT FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEN CROSS-FADE IT INTO THE MID-DISTANCE, BUT IT'S STILL LOUD!

HELICOPTER DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Quickly, get in the helicopter! Get in!

FOOTSTEPS OF ATHERTON RUN UP.

ATHERTON:

What the hell are you people doing?

DOCTOR:

Trying to save your lives! Get in, Sergeant! And get as many of your men as— Look out!

A CROWD OF FORESTERS CRY OUT WITH INSANE ANGER AS THEY APPROACH, CHARGING.

ATHERTON'S GUN FIRES.

THE FORESTER'S SCREAM AND DIE.

ATHERTON:

I'll cover you, Doctor! Go! Go now! We'll use the explosives!

GUNFIRE AGAIN.

SOLDIER:

[BREATHLESS, TERRIFIED] There's too many of 'em, Sarge! We'll never— Aaaargh!

FORESTERS SET UPON HIM AND KILL HIM.

ATHERTON:

Noooo!!!

GUNFIRE BLASTS AWAY.

CUT TO...

59. INT. HELICOPTER.

DOOR SLAMS SHUT. THE MAYHEM OF THE BATTLE ONLY SLIGHTLY MUFFLED.

DOCTOR:

It's like a vision of hell out there. No time to lose.

HE IS SITTING HIMSELF DOWN IN THE COCKPIT, SWITCHING SWITCHES ETC.

ELLEN:

Doctor, where are you going to take us?

DRISCOLL:

Is it true that the Viyrans said they're going to wipe us out? Why?

DOCTOR:

My friend Charley told me, so I believe her. And I've no idea why they're doing it... but I intend to find out—and *stop them!* Hold tight.

THE HELICOPTER ENGINES GUN INTO LIFE.

CUT TO EXTERIOR PERSPECTIVE OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE, WITH THE HELICOPTER RISING UP ABOVE IT.

60. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

CHARLEY:

You've got to stop and think! You've got to! I'm not infected with this virus particle and I'm human! Ask yourself why not!

VIYRAN:

Your double is not infected either.

CHARLEY:

What?

VIYRAN:

And she is a completely perfect copy of you, down to the last cell. We will analyse this for future reference.

DAVID:

What about me?

VIYRAN:

What about you?

DAVID:

I'm human. Do I have this virus particle in me?

VIYRAN:

You do.

DAVID:

So... you're going to 'expunge' me too?

VIYRAN:

You will be frozen for future reference. You may prove useful to us at a future stage of our mission. The cleansing disseminator is now prepared.

CHARLEY:

Please, you've got to reconsider. For my sake! I've helped you—

VIYRAN:

Charlotte Pollard and David McCallister, we bear you no ill feeling whatsoever. We bear the human race no ill feeling. But our duty is to the safety of the universe and the eradication of all viruses resulting from the Amethyst Catastrophe. Launching disseminator.

CHARLEY:

No!

THE DISSEMINATOR LAUNCHES, WITH A HUGE WHOOSH.

61. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

THE HELICOPTER LANDS.

THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE ARE AUDIBLE IN THE DISTANCE.

HELICOPTER DOORS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS CLAMBER OUT ONTO THE GRAVELY SURFACE. THEY KEEP MOVING.

DOCTOR:

Quickly now.

ELLEN:

What is that thing?

DRISCOLL:

I remember it, when I first saw you—

DOCTOR:

It's my ship, the TARDIS.

JANGLE OF TARDIS KEY.

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

KEY INTO LOCK.

DISTANT SOUND OF MISSILE (THE DISSEMINATOR) FLYING EVER CLOSER.

DOCTOR:

You hear that?

DRISCOLL:

There! What is that? Looks like... like a missile or—

ELLEN:

It's the Viyrans, isn't it? That's them killing us.

DOCTOR:

Not if I can help it. Come on, inside!

DOOR OPENS. THEY DASH IN.

INT. TARDIS.

FOOTSTEPS AS THEY HURRIEDLY ENTER.

DOOR CLOSING.

DRISCOLL:

What? I don't get it... we just walked into—

ELLEN:

This doesn't make sense, it's—

DOCTOR:

Brace yourselves, please.

CONTROLS BURBLE. TARDIS ENGINES ENGAGE.

DRISCOLL:

Are we taking off or something?

DOCTOR:

In a manner of speaking.

BLEEPING OF A HARSH SIGNAL.

Now... I wonder what that is... As if I didn't know. Aha, it's a transmission from the Viyran ship to... that missile!

TARDIS LURCHES. THEY ALL CRY OUT.

Come on, old girl! I know you had a rough ride through that radiation on your way to Earth, but you've had ample time to recuperate— Argh!

A CIRCUIT BLOWS.

ELLEN:

Is this thing safe?

DOCTOR:

Usually! But she's been through a lot, lately. Oh no!
[DISMAYED] We're slipping back and forth in time!
[SUDDENLY CONFIDENT] Which gives me an idea!

62. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

PODS SLIDE OPEN.

VIYRAN:

You will now be frozen. Step into the cryogenic pods, please.

CHARLEY:

Is it over? Have you done it?

DAVID:

Can they have really wiped out the whole human race so quickly?

CHARLEY:

Believe me, they could do it, David. Well?

CONTROL BLEEP.

VIYRAN:

Disseminator has impacted. Radiation release commences...

A NEGATIVE BLEEP.

DAVID:

Sounds like something's gone wrong.

NEGATIVE BLEEP AGAIN.

CHARLEY:

[TO DAVID, SOTTO] I think you're right.

VIYRAN:

Radiation release transmission negative.

CHARLEY:

What's gone wrong? Something broken?

VIYRAN:

The dissemination command transmission is being jammed.

BURBLE OF READ-OUTS.

There is temporal distortion.

CHARLEY:

Temporal... ? It's the Doctor, it's got to be!

DAVID:

How do you know that?

CHARLEY:

Trust me. [TO VIYRANS] The Doctor is stopping you.

VIYRAN:

You will be frozen. Enter your pods, now.

VIYRANS ADVANCE.

CHARLEY:

He'll be on his way here now. I know it... Argh... get off me!

DAVID:

Please... argh, no!

THE POD LIDS SEAL. THEIR VOICES ARE NOW DISTORTED THROUGH THE 'GLASS COFFINS'.

DAVID:

Charlotte?

CHARLEY:

Yes?

DAVID:

They've done this to you before, haven't they?

CHARLEY:

More times than I care to remember.

DAVID:

Does it hurt?

CHARLEY:

Er... sort of.

FADE IN THE VERY BEGINNING OF THE TARDIS MATERIALIZATION.

VIYRAN:

Commence cryogenic freezing.

CHARLEY:

Wait a minute! That sound! I recognize that sound!

CRYGOGENIC FREEZING EFFECT BEGINS.

DAVID:

[BEING FROZEN] It's... getting cold... I... I...

TARDIS MATERIALIZATION SOUND IS GETTING LOUDER.

CHARLEY:

[STARTING TO FREEZE] It's... it's... the TARDIS! Doctor!

BLEEP, BLEEP. FINAL *HISSSSSS-ST!*

VIYRAN:

Cryogenic freezing complete. Levitate cryo-pods.

CRYO-PODS HUM AS THEY LEVITATE.

VIYRAN:

Despatch to storage areas.

PODS HUM OFF INTO DISTANCE AND THROUGH DOORS, WHICH CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

VIYRAN:

Intruding craft is materializing. All security measures have failed.

TARDIS MATERIALIZATION COMPLETES.

63. INT. TARDIS.

WHIRLING SOUND OF TIME SPHERE COMING FROM CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

By Jove, I think I've done it. Just about. Yes, percolating nicely in a temporal sort of way. I hope.

DRISCOLL:

I'm guessing you mean something clever... judging by the technology you've got in this thing. Doctor, what exactly—?

ELLEN:

You've stopped the Viyrans from killing everybody, you mean?

DOCTOR:

I think so... for now. And not only that... Let's have a look at the scanner.

SCANNER OPERATES.

ELLEN:

Viyrans!

DRISCOLL:

So that's what they look like.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I've managed to land us on their ship. Quite a tricky manoeuvre, actually. You two stay here. I'm going to have a word with them.

ELLEN:

Is that a good idea?

DRISCOLL:

They did just try to wipe out the human race.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but I'm not human. Won't be long... hopefully.

DOOR OPENS.

64. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

TARDIS DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR EXITS TARDIS.

VIYRAN:

What have you done, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes, and it's nice to see you again too. I might ask the same of you.

VIYRAN:

Our mission is to remove all trace of the Amethyst viruses released in the explosion you failed to prevent—

DOCTOR:

I hope you're not attempting to implicate me? It was the Daleks who—

VIYRAN:

All knowledge of the viruses must be expunged. It must be as if they had never existed.

DOCTOR:

I see... So you're chasing around the universe, sniffing out every single virus that got scattered throughout time and space? That's going to be more than several lifetimes' work.

VIYRAN:

It is why we were summoned. What are you doing to our dissemination signal?

DOCTOR:

'Dissemination signal'? Oh, that's the transmission you were sending to that projectile you rather rashly launched at Earth. What's in the projectile, by the way?

VIYRAN:

Radiation designed to cleanse the Earth of the human race.

DOCTOR:

'Cleanse'? That's a rather innocuous-sounding euphemism for genocide. So your deadly radiation can't be released from the projectile without that transmission?

VIYRAN:

That is correct. How have you prevented that signal from reaching the disseminator?

DOCTOR:

Ooh, trade secret, I'm afraid. Where's Charley?

VIYRAN:

Both Charlotte Pollards have been frozen for future analysis—

DOCTOR:

'Both'?

VIYRAN:

... when our schedule allows.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean, '*both* Charlotte Pollards'?

VIYRAN:

There are two Charlotte Pollards.

DOCTOR:

Two? No. I don't understand.

VIYRAN:

There are two. Identical in every way.

DOCTOR:

Show them to me.

VIYRAN:

You must stop jamming our dissemination signal.

DOCTOR:

Show me Charlotte and I might just think about it. *Might*.

VIYRAN:

You must guarantee the release of the signal.

DOCTOR:

No guarantees. And you must show me why you consider it necessary to wipe out the human race.

VIYRAN:

It is part of our mission.

DOCTOR:

You said your mission is to remove all trace of the Amethyst viruses, does that often involve wiping out entire races?

VIYRAN:

Not often.

DOCTOR:

Not... ? How often?

VIYRAN:

In our mission so far, we have located and expunged three million, four hundred and thirty-six thousand Amethyst viruses. In only five cases has it been necessary to wipe out an entire race.

DOCTOR:

[JAW DROPPING] Only five...

VIYRAN:

I will take you to see the Charlotte Pollards. Follow me.

VIYRAN FOOTSTEPS. DOCTOR'S FOLLOW. DOOR OPENS.

65. INT. TARDIS.

VIYRAN SHIP DOOR CLOSSES ON SCANNER DISTORT.

TIME SPHERE EFFECT BURBLING AWAY TO ITSELF.

DRISCOLL:

I don't get it. Two of them?

ELLEN:

Neither do I, Ed. And you know what? I don't care, as long as the Doctor doesn't release their signal. As long as whatever clever thing this is here keeps going.

DRISCOLL:

It's like we're nothing to them, isn't it? To the Viyrans. Like we're just microbes in a lab.

ELLEN:

I've never trusted them. Never.

DRISCOLL:

Even when your precious McCallister devoted his life to them?

ELLEN:

David was just trying to do what he thought was best for all of us.

DRISCOLL:

Didn't turn out that way, though, did it?

TIME SPHERE EFFECT FIZZES, THE PITCH WAVERING.

ELLEN:

Hey, what's it doing?

DRISCOLL:

I dunno, but that doesn't sound right to me—

ANOTHER FIZZ. SPARKS SHOWER.

Woah— get back!

66. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CORRIDOR/CRYO CHAMBER.

DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS OF THE DOCTOR AND THE VIYRAN.

DOCTOR:

Something's changed, hasn't it?

VIYRAN:

I do not understand you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You were helping the humans... They thought you were their saviours. Then suddenly, you decided to wipe them out. Why?

VIYRAN:

We have arrived.

DOOR OPENS. THEY WALK THROUGH INTO THE CRYO CHAMBER.
LARGE CHAMBER WITH RHYTHMIC HUMMING AND HISSING.

BLEEPS OF CONTROLS BEING OPERATED.

VIYRAN:

I am selecting the most recently frozen pods.

A POD UNLOCKS AND EMERGES.

DOCTOR:

How many people have you got frozen here?

VIYRAN:

There are beings from all over the universe frozen in this chamber.

DOCTOR:

Why?

VIYRAN:

They are of use to us in our mission.

DOCTOR:

You mean you use them as lab rats.

POD LOCKS INTO PLACE.

Who's this?

VIYRAN:

This is David McCallister, an infected human.

HISS AS HE'S RESUSCITATED.

DAVID: [INSIDE POD]

[GROANS, WAKING] What's going on?

VIYRAN:

As we failed to cure this virus, we are keeping him as a specimen. Long term research may find a cure, which may prove useful if we discover a recurrence of this virus.

DOCTOR:

And what virus would that be?

VIYRAN:

The 001 Variant of Amethyst Icosahedral Plasmid Virus 9007/41.

POD OPENS.

DOCTOR:

And that's what the human race is infected with?

DAVID

Yes. So they say. You must be the Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes. How did you know?

DAVID:

Charlotte mentioned you rather a lot.

DOCTOR:

[TO DAVID] What I don't understand is, if the Viyrans had already developed a temporary vaccine, why did they give up?

ANOTHER POD IS MAKING ITS WAY TO THEM.

VIYRAN:

The temporary vaccine had no effect on Virus 9007/41.

DOCTOR:

No effect? But it stopped what they called 'the madness'—

DAVID:

The 'madness' isn't the virus, Doctor. It's an accidental side effect of their attempted cure.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

POD CLUNKS INTO PLACE.

Charley? Wake her up! Now!

HISS OF RESUSCITATION.

FROM INSIDE THE GLASS POD WE HEAR...

CHARLEY:

[GASPS, WAKING]

DOCTOR:

Charley! Is that you?

CHARLEY: [INSIDE POD]

[OVERJOYED] Doctor! You made it!

POD OPENS WITH A CLUNK AND A HISS. FOOTSTEPS OF CHARLEY.

I'm so glad to see you.

DOCTOR:

You said there were two Charlotte Pollards.

VIYRAN:

Yes.

ANOTHER POD IS HEADING THEIR WAY.

CHARLEY:

Oh... you know about that.

DOCTOR:

I see that you do too. Care to explain it to me?

CHARLEY:

Er... yes, but—

DOCTOR:

[SNAPS] But what?

CHARLEY:

The human race. Have the Viyrans wiped out—?

VIYRAN:

Not yet.

CHARLEY:

Not yet? [LAUGHS, DELIGHTED]

DAVID:

That's fantastic news!

CHARLEY:

Oh Doctor, you've stopped them, haven't you?

DOCTOR:

I—

VIYRAN:

The Doctor is preventing the disseminator signal from reaching the disseminator. He said he would release the signal if we showed him the two Charlotte Pollards.

DOCTOR:

I said I *might*.

CHARLEY:

There's only one Charlotte Pollard, and that's me.

THE POD COMES TO REST.

DOCTOR:

Then who's that?

HISS OF RESUSCITATION.

MILA/CHARLEY: [INSIDE POD]

[GROANS, WAKING] Doctor? Doctor, is that really you?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but is that really you?

67. INT. TARDIS.

TIME SPHERE PITCH IS VARYING ALARMINGLY. ANOTHER BIG FIZZ AND EXPLOSION. SPARKS FLY.

ELLEN:

I really think this *thing*... whatever the Doctor's done... is going really, really wrong.

DRISCOLL:

Yeah... I know... but, what are we supposed to do?

ANOTHER BIG FIZZ. FIZZING ARMS OF ELECTRICAL-SOUNDING ENERGY FIZZING ABOUT THE PLACE.

BOTH CRY OUT.

ELLEN:

Well, I know one thing...

DRISCOLL:

What's that?

ELLEN:

I'm not going to stay here and get killed when it finally blows up.

DRISCOLL:

But he told us to stay in-

ELLEN:

Ed, I never knew you do anything you were told to do! Come on! Er... Did you see how he opened the door?

68. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CRYO CHAMBER.

IT SHOULD BE ALMOST COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL THE CHARLEYS APART FROM NOW ON.

CHARLEY:

Doctor, you can't seriously believe her—

DOCTOR:

Which of you arrived with me on Earth this morning?

MILA/CHARLEY:

I did.

DOCTOR:

And you have no argument with that?

CHARLEY:

No, I told you. You found me in the future, on Earth, I was sending a signal—

MILA/CHARLEY:

No, that was me.

CHARLEY:

No! I was with the Doctor until I contracted some sort of virus. He took me to the Amethyst station to cure—

ALARM SOUNDS.

DOCTOR:

What's going on?

VIYRAN:

There are intruders. Humans have left your ship, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What? But I told them to stay—

VIYRAN:

They will be brought here.

CHARLEY:

Doctor, you can't believe her. She's a copy of me, a mutation of some kind of virus that—

DOCTOR:

Viyran, you must know. Which is the original?

VIYRAN:

It is impossible to tell. As I said, they are identical in every way.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That can't be true! She can't have the same memories as me... about how I was a prisoner of the Daleks, how I escaped from them to find the Doctor—

CHARLEY:

Is that what she's told you?

DOCTOR:

Oh, you have another story?

CHARLEY:

Yes! And it's not a 'story'!

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh, this I've got to hear!

CHARLEY:

Doctor, I didn't want to just blurt it out like this, but... but...

DOCTOR:

Go on.

CHARLEY:

I'm from your future. I travelled... *will* travel with you... in *your* future... when you're... different.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That's ridiculous!

CHARLEY:

I... I loved you. And—

DOOR OPENS.

VIYRANS ENTER.

ELLEN:

[RESTRAINED] Argh, get off me! Let me go!

DRISCOLL:

[RESTRAINED] Argh, Doctor, sorry, but—

DOCTOR:

Why did you leave the TARDIS? What's the matter—?

ELLEN:

[PULLING FREE] That thing you set up, whatever it was... it's gonna blow!

DOCTOR:

Blow? Oh no...

BURBLE OF VIYRAN TECHNOLOGY.

VIYRAN:

The jamming of our dissemination signal is weakening.

DOCTOR:

Oh no, no, no, you don't understand!

VIYRAN:

You have failed, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

[DASHING OFF] I have to get back to the TARDIS!

CHARLEY:

[DASHING] Doctor, wait for me!

MILA/CHARLEY:

[FOLLOWING] No, me!

ELLEN:

Come on, Ed!

FOOTSTEPS AS THEY ALL RUN.

VIYRAN:

Restrain them!

CHASE MUSIC CRESCENDOS. CUT TO...

69. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL AREA.

DOOR OPENS.

FOOTSTEPS OF ALL OF THEM DASH TO THE TARDIS.

VIYRAN:

They must not enter that object.

DOCTOR:

Argh! Let go!

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor! I've got that key you gave me!

KEY IN TARDIS LOCK.

Everyone in! Argh! No! Let go! [STRUGGLING NOISE
CONTINUES UNDER]

CHARLEY:

Quickly! Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Charley!!!

CUT TO...

70. INT. TARDIS.

TIME SPHERE SIZZLING LIKE MAD. FOOTSTEPS ENTER. TARDIS DOOR CLOSES.

CHARLEY:

[OUT OF BREATH] Well... you weren't exaggerating, when you said it was going to blow, were you?

ELLEN:

[OUT OF BREATH] Now what? We're trapped in here with it.

DRISCOLL:

[OUT OF BREATH] The others didn't make it. David, the other Charley and the Doctor—

CHARLEY:

She isn't another Charley! She's called Mila and she's just pretending to be me!

71. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOCTOR:

Charley, are you all right?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Aaargh... yes. Got a nasty grip, these Viyrans, haven't they?

DAVID:

I'm all right too, in case anyone's interested.

VIYRAN:

Jamming is now almost completely clear. Dissemination signal is breaking through.

DAVID:

No! Can't you stop them, Doctor? Charley said you were the only one who could sort this out. What's going wrong?

DOCTOR:

I projected a time sphere from the TARDIS to stop their dissemination signal, trapping the signal in a time loop, but it was a lash-up. I'd hoped it would hold long enough—

DAVID:

Long enough for what?

DOCTOR:

For me to find another solution! Maybe persuade the Viyrans to shut the transmission off!

DAVID:

You were optimistic!

MILA/CHARLEY:

He always is.

DOCTOR:

Not any more.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The time sphere is imploding.

SUDDEN WRENCH OF TARDIS ENGINES.

Wait a minute, what's going on?

72. INT. TARDIS.

SLOW WIND-UP OF TARDIS ENGINES.

CHARLEY:

I think that's right.

TARDIS CONTROLS BEING OPERATED.

ELLEN:

What are you doing?

CHARLEY:

Well we can't just stand here and do nothing... and I've seen the Doctor operate these controls often enough... admittedly, it used to be rather a different console, but—

DRISCOLL:

Please tell me you're not just trusting to luck.

TARDIS ENGINES START TO SPEED UP A LITTLE.

THE TIME SPHERE FIZZES DRAMATICALLY.

ALL CRY OUT.

73. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL AREA.

TARDIS ENGINES WINDING UP.

DOCTOR:

Somebody's tampering with the TARDIS controls!

MILA/CHARLEY:

It'll be her. I'd never do that!

DOCTOR:

She's engaging the engines!

DAVID:

Is that good or bad?

VIYRAN:

Dissemination signal–

DOCTOR:

It doesn't matter about any of that now. If the engines are engaged, the whole planet Earth could be sucked into a deflating time sphere, destroying the TARDIS. And if the temporal jolt is bad enough, Earth could be regressed back to prehistory or even before...

DAVID:

What? What does that mean?

DOCTOR:

Mankind could be 'un-evolved'. Does that solve your problem, Viyrans? It will be as though the human race had never existed!

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

PART 4

74. INT. TARDIS.

THE TARDIS ENGINES MAKE A HORRIBLE SCREECHING SOUND. A FIZZ OF ENERGY FROM THE TIME SPHERE, FAR MORE INTENSE THAN WE'VE HEARD BEFORE.

THEY SHOUT OVER THE DIN.

[N.B. ON SCANNER DISTORT, THE LAST SCENE OF PART 3 RUNS. THIS IS WHAT WAS HAPPENING DURING THAT SCENE. SOME CHEATING OF THE TIMING WILL BE NECESSARY.]

DOCTOR: *[SCANNER DISTORT, RECORDED AS PART OF PREVIOUS SCENE. RUNNING IN BACKGROUND, UNDER]*

Somebody's tampering with the TARDIS controls!

ELLEN:

[WINCES IN PAIN] Aaargh! It's really going to blow up, isn't it?

CHARLEY:

I'm inclined to agree with you! I've heard the TARDIS make some odd noises in my time, but I think that was just about the worst. Oh, Doctor! What am I supposed to do?

ANOTHER SCREECH. ANOTHER FIZZ OF ENERGY.

DRISCOLL:

Ellen, look out! Get out of the way of that—

ELLEN:

Ed! No!

FIZZZZZZ.

DRISCOLL:

[VOICE EFFECTED BY THE FIZZ] Argh! What... what's happening to me? Argh! No!

ELLEN:

Ed!?!

CHARLEY:

Don't touch him!

DRISCOLL:

Ellen... [A LAST LONG CRY AS HE'S UN-EVOLVED AND DIES]

THE SOUND OF HIS CRY IS DISTORTED AND FALLS IN PITCH, GETTING THINNER AND THINNER.

ELLEN:

[SOBBING] ... no, no... Ed... [CONTINUES SOBBING]

DOCTOR: *[SCANNER DISTORT, RECORDED AS PART OF PREVIOUS SCENE. RUNNING IN BACKGROUND, UNDER]*

It doesn't matter about any of that now. If the engines are engaged, the whole planet Earth could be sucked into a deflating time sphere, destroying the TARDIS.

CHARLEY:

Time sphere?

DOCTOR:

... And if the temporal jolt is bad enough, planet Earth could be regressed back to prehistory or even before...

ELLEN:

[SOBBING] What happened to him?

CHARLEY:

[APPALLED] I don't know... I don't know. I'm sorry, I don't know what to do!

DAVID: *[SCANNER DISTORT, RECORDED AS PART OF PREVIOUS SCENE. RUNNING IN BACKGROUND, UNDER]*

What? What does that mean?

DOCTOR: *[SCANNER DISTORT, RECORDED AS PART OF PREVIOUS SCENE. RUNNING IN BACKGROUND, UNDER]*

Mankind could be 'un-evolved'. Does that solve your problem, Viyrans? It will be as though the human race had never existed!

CHARLEY:

[AN IDEA] Wait a minute, we can see him on the scanner screen. He must know the scanner's on... come on, Doctor... tell me what to do!

75. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL AREA.

TARDIS IS GROANING IN THE BACKGROUND. FIZZING.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Let us go!

VIYRAN:

The dissemination signal is still not getting through.

VIYRAN CONTROLS BURBLE.

DOCTOR:

It may not need to if whoever's fiddling with the controls of my TARDIS doesn't reduce the power levels. It's the rising power of the TARDIS that's enlarging and distorting the collapsing time sphere, pushing the temporal curve of it further and further into the past.

DAVID:

So that's it? Your ship is going to destroy the human race anyway?

MILA/CHARLEY:

But there must be a way to stop it; reverse the effect or something.

DOCTOR:

[RATHER POINTEDLY] Well, if I were at the controls, I'd just reverse whatever it was I'd already done. If the TARDIS engines shut down again, that may be enough to stabilise the—

VIYRAN:

We are scanning your ship. The humans inside are observing. You are attempting to communicate with them!

CUT TO...

76. INT. TARDIS.

VIYRAN:

[SCANNER DISTORT] We cannot permit this!

STATIC.

CHARLEY:

Too late, Viyrans. I think I got the gist of what to do.

OPERATES CONTROLS.

ELLEN:

[STILL VERY UPSET] For God's sake be careful.

TARDIS CONTROLS OPERATE.

CHARLEY:

This one... this one... and...

THE TARDIS NOISE RESOLVES INTO A NORMAL LANDING.

CHARLEY:

I don't believe it. [LAUGHS, AMAZED] I think I might actually have done it.

TIME SPHERE SOUND IS BACK TO NORMAL.

77. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL AREA.

ALL IS QUIET.

DOCTOR:

Well done, Charley... whether she's the real Charley or not, she certainly knows how to take a hint and press a few buttons.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Anyone could do that.

DOCTOR:

Really?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh, Doctor, you can't believe it's her and not me.

CONTINUES IN NEXT SCENE, CUT TO..

78. INT. TARDIS.

MILA/CHARLEY: [SCANNER DISTORT]

I've been with you all this time, since we landed in that flat in Manchester and found that body, and do you remember the Doomwood Curse... and the Krotons?

CHARLEY:

[OVER MILA/CHARLEY'S SPEECH] God, she's pathetic. Hijacking all my memories.

VIYRAN CONTROLS BURBLE.

VIYRAN: [SCANNER DISTORT]

The signal is jammed again.

CUT TO..

79. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DAVID:

Good. Then the human race is safe.

DOCTOR:

Not indefinitely. That time sphere won't be stable for long. What we have is a temporary stalemate. Which means, I imagine, that the Viyrans aren't going to let us go. Or worse.

DAVID:

If us dying means the human race will survive, I'm willing to pay that price.

VIYRAN:

Doctor, our knowledge of you suggests that your intention is always to act for the good of the universe—

DOCTOR:

What knowledge of me? I only met the Viyrans briefly on Amethyst—

VIYRAN:

We have observed you on many occasions, and you have come into contact with Amethyst viruses many times.

DOCTOR:

When? I don't remember that.

VIYRAN:

Many times in your personal past, present and future.

DOCTOR:

I don't pretend to know what you're talking about, but what point are you attempting to make?

VIYRAN:

We do not understand why you would want to preserve the 9004/41 virus.

DAVID:

You don't understand anything, do you? It's the human race we're worried about, not the damn virus!

DOCTOR:

Quite. Couldn't have put it better myself... er, David. Thank you.

CUT TO...

80. INT. TARDIS.

DAVID: [SCANNER DISTORT]

You're welcome. You don't know what it's like to find out you've been lied to for years!

MILA/CHARLEY: [SCANNER DISTORT]

And the Doctor would never let the human race down. Whatever it is you're doing here is wrong, and we're not going to let you get away with it.

CHARLEY:

[OVER MILA/CHARLEY'S LINE] 'and the Doctor would never...' He can't fall for all that, surely.

DOCTOR: [SCANNER DISTORT]

Er... thank you, Charlotte. It's more a question of...
[CONTINUE IN NEXT SCENE]

CUT TO...

81. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOCTOR: [CONTINUED]

... never letting the end justify the means. Surely, with all your resources there must be a way of getting rid of this virus without having to murder every single human being on Earth.

VIYRAN:

We do not wish for the destruction of Mankind.
[CONTINUED IN NEXT SCENE]

CUT TO...

82. INT TARDIS.

VIYRAN: [SCANNER DISTORT]

We only wish to destroy the disease—

DOCTOR: [SCANNER DISTORT]

I understand that, so why—?

VIYRAN: [SCANNER DISTORT]

But we have calculated that there is no probable likelihood of expunging the virus without eradicating Mankind. And our mission must continue. We have detected

the location of several million more viruses and must move on as a matter of urgency.

ELLEN: [OVER THE ABOVE LINES]

I've never believed that. I've never trusted them.

CHARLEY:

Strange as it may seem, it's true. The Vyrans never–

ELLEN:

[SNAPS, UPSET] Why should I trust you?

CHARLEY:

I'm sorry. Were you and... that man... close?

ELLEN:

That man? That man! I don't even know who the hell you really are, so just... *just keep away from me!*

TIME SPHERE POWER PITCH WOBBLES. A FZZZZZT!

CHARLEY:

Oh no... oh no. Not again.

83. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOCTOR:

Tell me about this virus! How did you cause the 'madness' on Earth trying to cure it?

VIYRAN:

It was an error that the meson radiation we disseminated had that unfortunate side effect.

DOCTOR:

You have a gift for understatement. Show me the virus. I'm assuming you have medical scans of it.

SCREEN ACTIVATES.

VIYRAN:

Observe the screen.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That's me.

DAVID:

And me.

SCREEN ADJUSTING VIEW FX.

VIYRAN:

We are scanning the humans present in this chamber. And the cellular analysis of David McCallister shows...

A BLEEP OF A FLASHING INDICATOR.

DOCTOR:

That's the virus?

VIYRAN:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

But... but that's just one particle.

VIYRAN:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

Has David undergone treatment to reduce the growth of the infection?

VIYRAN:

There is no successful treatment. The virus is present as one dormant particle in every human being.

DOCTOR:

Dormant?

VIYRAN:

But there is a one in five point four billion chance that at some time in the next seven thousand millennia, a human being may contract the virus.

DOCTOR:

Er... I beg your pardon?

84. INT. TARDIS.

TIME SPHERE WAVERING AND FIZZING A LITTLE MORE.

DOCTOR: [SCANNER DISTORT]

Are you being serious?

CHARLEY:

[REALIZATION] Oh my God... they are.

ELLEN:

You mean... this virus... it isn't even really dangerous at all?

CHARLEY:

Apparently not. Depends how you define dangerous, I suppose.

FZZZZZZ FROM TIME SPHERE.

And talking of dangerous.

85. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOCTOR:

You really are serious, aren't you?

VIYRAN:

I do not understand.

DOCTOR:

You would give an entire race almost fatally damaging treatment—

VIYRAN:

That was an unforeseen side-effect.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, well that makes all the difference! But you'd do that, then contemplate wiping them out, just because there's a one in five billion chance of... *of someone catching a cold or something in the next few million years?!?*

VIYRAN:

The risk is within the parameters laid down for our mission.

DOCTOR:

Who exactly laid down these parameters?

VIYRAN:

I will not tell you.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes... forbidden knowledge and all that. *Well whoever it was is an idiot!* This beggars belief, it really does—
[SUDDENLY NOTICING] Wait a minute! Your scan is including Charley as well. I don't see a virus particle showing up in her! I thought you said all human beings—

VIYRAN:

Neither of the Charlotte Pollards contains the virus particle.

DOCTOR:

And you didn't think that might have been significant?

VIYRAN:

We *did* think it was significant. And we will continue to analyse the significance as our mission continues.

DOCTOR:

How nice for you! Slaughter a whole species, then just move on to the next. Life's so uncomplicated for you, isn't it?

VIYRAN:

We must ask that the other two humans leave your ship.

DOCTOR:

What, so you can 'expunge' them?

VIYRAN:

We will freeze them as virus carriers.

SCREEN SCANNING NOISE.

DOCTOR:

You're scanning inside my ship! Don't you believe in privacy?

VIYRAN:

There is some kind of dimensional interface, but we are still able to detect lifeforms.

SCREEN ADJUSTS.

DOCTOR:

Ah yes, I see. That must be the other Charlotte... no sign of the virus there, and...

DAVID:

There's only one other person. But Ellen and Driscoll both went in there with Charley.

MILA/CHARLEY:

I'm Charley!

DAVID:

Not according to her, you're not.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Well she would say that—

DOCTOR:

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Look. Whoever that other human being is in the TARDIS... No virus.

VIYRAN:

Adjust scan. There is an error.

BURBLE OF VIYRAN CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

Definitely no virus.

TARDIS SUDDENLY WRENCHES AGAIN. FZZZZZ.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor, it's happening again!

86. INT. TARDIS.

TIME SPHERE IS GOING CRAZY. SIZZLING BLASTS OF ENERGY.

CHARLEY:

Oh no! The time sphere—

ELLEN:

It's going to kill us, isn't it? Like it killed Ed!
We've got to get out of here!

CHARLEY:

No, we can't! [GRABS HER]

ELLEN:

Argh! Get off me!

CHARLEY:

If we go out there, the Viyrans will just freeze us!

ELLEN:

And if we stay in here, we'll die!

FZZZZZZZZZZZZ OF TIME SPHERE.

87. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

DOCTOR:

It's the time sphere— [A THOUGHT, TO HIMSELF] Wait a minute...

DAVID:

What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Time, time, time... *That's it!*

MILA/CHARLEY:

What's 'it'?

DOCTOR:

Viyrans, you've got to let me in there. I'm the only one who can stabilize the time sphere safely.

VIYRAN:

But if your time sphere destabilizes, then our dissemination signal will be able to release the cleansing radiation on Earth.

DOCTOR:

But you don't need to release the radiation. Not any more.

VIYRAN:

Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because I've found the cure!

MUSIC: PASSAGE OF TIME.

CUT TO...

88. INT. TARDIS.

THE TIME SPHERE IS GOING BERSERK, FIZZING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

CHARLEY:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
You were expecting someone else?

CHARLEY:
How did you get away from the Viyrans—?

FZZZ FROM TIME SPHERE.

Doctor, look out!

DOCTOR:
Keep back, both of you!

TARDIS CONTROLS BEING OPERATED.

ELLEN:
Can you put it right? Can you stop this sphere thing killing us?

TARDIS CONTROLS BURBLE AWAY. THERE'S A HUGE ENGINE GROAN FROM THE TARDIS, THEN SILENCE. NOT EVEN A BACKGROUND NOISE.

DOCTOR:
[PHEW] Temporarily.

CHARLEY:
What've you done?

DOCTOR:
Shut everything down.

CHARLEY:
But... will that work?

DOCTOR:
Not for long. Ellen, where's Ed?

ELLEN:
He... that thing... he was— It killed him.

DOCTOR:

I see. I'm so very sorry, Ellen. He was a good man.

ELLEN:

Yeah. Yeah, he was.

DOCTOR:

And I intend to see to it that there are no more senseless deaths.

CHARLEY:

What happens now, then?

TARDIS DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

ELLEN:

David, what—?

CHARLEY:

What's *she* doing here? What have you got there?

MILA/CHARLEY:

[CARRYING DISSEMINATOR] They said you'd know what to do with this disseminator thing, Doctor.

DAVID:

[CARRYING] Where do we put it down?

DOCTOR:

Next to the console, just there, please.

WITH VOCAL EFFORT, A METAL DISSEMINATOR PLACED ON FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

Good, thank you. Now then...

STARTS OPERATING TARDIS CONTROLS, CONTINUES UNDER...

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor, what are you going to do? What did you and the Viyrans decide on?

ELLEN:

He's working for the Viyrans?!?

DOCTOR:

Only in as much as I'm working towards the same end. It's just the means that have changed.

DAVID:

Ellen, they never meant us any harm. They were just... well, just trying to save the universe.

ELLEN:

Oh, very grand, but we're expendible, the entire human race can just die out as far as they're concerned!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so. They have their minds on 'higher' things. But they're not wilfully antagonistic, and besides I gave them a practical alternative to wiping out Mankind.

ELLEN:

Like what?

DOCTOR:

Like you, Ellen. [CONCENTRATING ON CONTROLS] Aha, I've located the power matrix signature.

A LOW LEVEL HUM STARTS UP.

ELLEN:

Me? You're handing me over to the Viyrans? No way!

CHARLEY:

Doctor? You're not seriously going to—

DOCTOR:

Don't get excited. Ellen, you were the proof.

DAVID:

Of course! You showed up on their scans as not having the virus.

DOCTOR:

Just like Charley...

MILA/CHARLEY:

You mean me?

CHARLEY:

Me!

DOCTOR:

Both of you are not infected with the virus the Viyrans came here to expunge. [BACK TO CONTROLS] Now, time to...

A FEW CONTROLS OPERATED. THE HUM OF THE TARDIS WINDS UP FROM NOTHING.

There we are. Power reactivated.

DAVID:

What about your time sphere thing?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Yes, won't it destabilize again and destroy the Earth?

DOCTOR:

Not with that energy disseminator the Viyrans gave you.

CHARLEY:

The Viyrans have given you the power to shore up your time sphere?

DOCTOR:

Not only shore it up, but extend it.

CHARLEY:

Why?

ELLEN:

I'm not getting any of this. What have *I* got to do with—?

DOCTOR:

Ellen, what have you got in common with Charley?

ELLEN:

Well... I don't know... Both of us are women?

DOCTOR:

You're both human, yes?

ELLEN:

Well, obviously.

DOCTOR:

You're both human and you don't have the virus. Every other human does. Every other human has a dormant particle that's been passed down the generations, probably since the earliest evolution of Mankind.

ELLEN:

So?

DOCTOR:

You've both travelled in the TARDIS. *You've both travelled in time.* Once the Viyrans realized that, they ran a check on the TARDIS. They may not understand temporal physics, but they soon identified the Chronon particles that get released during time travel.

DAVID:

And they're the cure for the virus?

DOCTOR:

Inexplicably, yes! Chronon particles utterly obliterate the 001 Variant of Amethyst Icosahedral Plasmid Virus 9007/41.

CHARLEY:

So... what are you going to do with your time sphere?

ELLEN:

Er... look at the screen... The Viyrans look like they want to talk to you, Doctor.

CONTROL BLEEP.

DOCTOR:

Yes, hello, won't be long.

VIYRAN:

[SCANNER DISTORT] Doctor, our readings show that your machine is now accessing the power matrix of the disseminator.

DOCTOR:

Care to wish me luck?

VIYRAN:

We hope that you are successful.

DOCTOR:

And if I'm not?

VIYRAN:

We will revert to our first plan.

ELLEN:

What, and wipe everyone out?

VIYRAN:

It is the only alternative.

DAVID:

To what?

CHARLEY:

Doctor, you can't let the Viyrans—

DOCTOR:

I can only do my best, Charlotte. That's all anyone can ever do. But luckily, my best is...

CONTROLS OPERATE. TARDIS ENGINES ENGAGE WITH A BUMP.

Rather better than average.

TARDIS ENGINES DEMATERIALIZE.

89. INT. VIYRAN SHIP.

TARDIS DEMATERIALIZING IN BACKGROUND.

VIYRAN:

Prepare radiation dissemination signal. If the Doctor does not succeed, we must be ready.

90. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

ALL IS QUIET. A SLIGHT BREEZE BLOWING. THE TARDIS LANDS.

CUT TO...

91. INT. TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

David, Ellen... we're back on Earth. You can everything to me now.

DAVID:

And that's it? But... why? What are you going to do?

ELLEN:

What's going to happen?

DOCTOR:

I think it's best if you don't know.

DAVID:

Oh... We're just supposed to accept that, are we? After all the years of struggling and—

DOCTOR:

Yes.

ELLEN:

You're no better than the Viyrans, playing god with the future of the human race.

MILA/CHARLEY:

You can't say that, that's not true, the Doctor—

CHARLEY:

[COMPLETE OVERLAP] The Doctor would never... do that.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That's what I was going to say!

DOCTOR:

David. Ellen. Please. All I can do is ask that you to trust me. Will you do that? Please?

PAUSE.

DAVID:

Seems like we don't have much of a choice.

DOCTOR:

Not if you want the human race to carry on as it was meant to carry on.

DAVID:

You reckon you can achieve that?

DOCTOR:

I believe so.

DAVID:

Well... it's all I've ever worked for... for as long as I can remember.

ELLEN:

Doctor... just don't let us down. Gonna open that door?

TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

THE BREEZE FROM OUTSIDE WAFTS IN.

DAVID:

Good luck, Doctor.

ELLEN:

And... thanks.

DOCTOR:

That is, perhaps, a little premature. But thank you.

FOOTSTEPS AS THEY LEAVE.

CHARLEY:

What about us?

TARDIS DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR:

I'm about to attempt to extend the time sphere around the entire planet Earth.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Is that possible?

DOCTOR:

I'm about to find out. Then, within the sphere, I'm going to reverse the Earth's timeline to a point before the Viyrans fired their first disseminator. To be precise, just before they detected the virus present in the human race. The Viyrans have given me the exact time.

CHARLEY:

So you're going to shift the entire human race back in time—

MILA/CHARLEY:

And cure them of the virus!

DOCTOR:

Or... in short, break every rule in the book. And do you know why I'm going to risk doing that?

PAUSE.

Because of you two.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Because of—?

DOCTOR:

Because the TARDIS defences didn't protect you from that Amethyst virus. Because you wanted to use Carmen's time machine... because there are two of you! But mostly because none of this feels... *right* to me... The human race driven mad by alien radiation, civilization destroyed... And I think it's *all* because of you two. Something you've done. An action that didn't fit into the established timeline. I don't know exactly what it was – perhaps it was the release of the Amethyst viruses in the first place, I'm not sure – but I think you're some kind of intrusion in time, causing a fundamental corruption of it.

CHARLEY:

The Web of Time. That's what you're talking about, isn't it? You always used to talk about it... I mean, you will, in the future, when I will travel with you.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Oh, Doctor, this is all ridiculous! You can't seriously believe that she—

DOCTOR:

[FIRMLY] Go on.

CHARLEY:

I told you... My past is your future. I know it's difficult for you to believe—

DOCTOR:

No more difficult than believing that you were the prisoner of the Daleks, and you hid in a Dalek time ship, finding out all about me, then finally managed to escape and send out a signal that I just happened to pick up.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor, you know me. We've travelled together for such a long time now—

CHARLEY:

I'm sure you have, but when we were on Amethyst you took my place! I saw you change into me before my eyes, and then the Viyrans took me and cured me of the virus you gave—

SUDDEN SURGE OF DANGEROUS-SOUNDING ENERGY FROM THE TARDIS. ALARMS START BLEEPING.

MILA/CHARLEY:

What's going on?

CHARLEY:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The Viyran energy disseminator has reached maximum output potential. It seems to have a mind of its own. I have to activate the time sphere now.

MILA/CHARLEY:

I can help you, Doctor. Just tell me what to—

DOCTOR:

No! I want you both to leave. I don't know which of you is telling the truth. Maybe you both are. Maybe neither of you are. But I don't have time to work it out, and I can't trust you any more. So leave. Now!

DOOR OPENS.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor, no! Please!

DOCTOR:

What I'm about to do could destroy the TARDIS. You'll be safer on Earth. Go! Now!

CUT TO...

92. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

FOOTSTEPS WALK OUT OF TARDIS. DOOR CLOSES.

MILA/CHARLEY:

See what you've done!

CHARLEY:

You really think this is my fault? He doesn't believe either of us.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Is it true, what you said... about being with the Doctor in the future? About... loving him?

CHARLEY:

Yes.

MILA/CHARLEY:

That's why you didn't 'belong' in the TARDIS, isn't it? Why you weren't protected by her defences.

CHARLEY:

You said 'her'...

MILA/CHARLEY:

Yes, I suppose I picked that up from the Doctor.

CHARLEY:

You've travelled with him a long time, haven't you? Since you've been... me, I mean.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Yes.

CHARLEY:

Longer than I did, I suppose.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Yes... it's been... amazing. Like a dream. An incredible life.

CHARLEY:

Yes. I know that feeling.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Perhaps it was more than I deserve.

DEEP THUD OF THE TARDIS. LOW AND SUSTAINED, NOT THE USUAL THING.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[WORRIED] Do you think he's going to be all right?

THE TIME SPHERE SIZZLING SOUND STARTS TO BEGIN, SLOWLY.
DEEP THROB OF POWER STARTS TO BUILD UNDER...

CHARLEY:

No... which is why he sent us away.

MILA/CHARLEY:

But he's got to be all right, hasn't he? I mean, you're living proof of that, aren't you? You're from the Doctor's future. You know that he lives on and changes—

CHARLEY:

No, I don't know. My coming back in time may have changed everything, Mila—

MILA/CHARLEY:

[SUDDEN RAGE] Don't call me that! I'm not Mila anymore!

CHARLEY:

Well, you're not me! You can't be me! Just because you mutated—

MILA/CHARLEY:

I'm Charlotte Pollard... and you're supposed to be dead!

CHARLEY:

Oh, if the Doctor could only hear you now. You may have been his perfect little companion for goodness knows how long, but if he knew that underneath you were just some kind of maladjusted, psychopathic—

MILA/CHARLEY:

Well perhaps *you'd* like to spend a lifetime being tortured by the Daleks and see how 'maladjusted' you turned out to be.

CHARLEY:

Oh this is pointless! It's pointless arguing... It's all over. We've both lost him. I've lost him again.

MILA/CHARLEY:

What do you mean?

CHARLEY:

Oh, it's a long story.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Tell me.

93. INT. TARDIS.

ALL HELL BREAKING LOSE.

DOCTOR:

Argh, no! Too much temporal distortion! Come on, old girl! Come on!

A CIRCUIT BLOWS.

Argh! This is ridiculous! The power level is...

A HUGE FZZZZ.

Aaaaargh! This isn't going to work!

94. EXT. SOLENT BASIN.

CHARLEY:

In the future... I saw him die. And he didn't regenerate.

MILA/CHARLEY:

So... your future Doctor... died. I'm so sorry, Charley. I really am. I shouldn't have done what I did. I admit that. But I've become a different person now. I've become you, or something very like you, and the Doctor and I... well, we've bonded.

CHARLEY:

Not any more. Not now I'm here. Now he doesn't trust either of us. [SIGHS] Seems like I mess everything up, don't I?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Maybe... but I'm... I'm glad you're not dead. I'm glad those Viyrans cured you and... and that it's turned out that I didn't get the life I stole from you by killing you.

THE TARDIS ENGINE SUDDENLY KICKS IN WITH AN HORRIFIC, LONG, DEEP SCRAPING.

CHARLEY:

Now that can't be right!

MILA/CHARLEY:

We can't leave him in there, on his own. And if you're right that your coming back in time may have upset history, he might die in there! We've got to help him!

CHARLEY:

Yes... but how? He's locked the door!

MILA/CHARLEY:

[REMEMBERING] He gave me a key, on one of our adventures, long ago! He gave me... [FINDING IT] this key!

CHARLEY:

He really did trust you, didn't he... Charley?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Come on, Charley, let's save him! Let's save the Doctor!

KEY IN DOOR. IT OPENS.

CUT TO...

95. INT. TARDIS.

ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE. THE TARDIS ENGINES ARE GROANING OUT OF CONTROL. POWER THROB IS GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER, QUICKER AND QUICKER...

ALARMS ARE SOUNDING ALL OVER THE PLACE. CONTROLS ARE BEING OPERATED FRANTICALLY.

TARDIS DOOR OPENING.

DOCTOR:

What are you two doing in here?!? I told you to get out!

CHARLEY:

We've come to help.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Both of us! We've both been your companion, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What? How does that make sense?

CHARLEY:

Does it matter? What can we do?

DOCTOR:

Probably nothing, I'm afraid!

MILA/CHARLEY:

That doesn't sound like you!

CHARLEY:

Come on, Doctor, you must have a plan!

DOCTOR:

I've activated the Viyran energy disseminator, but the flow of power is too fast. The time sphere is expanding too quickly and if I can't stop it, it will reverse time within itself to the point before the formation of the Earth... destroying everything inside it, including the TARDIS! So, any bright ideas?

MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS! TARDIS ENGINES GROAN DANGEROUSLY. MORE ALARMS.

ALL CRY OUT AS THEY ARE FLUNG AROUND.

AN ALARM BLEEPS.

DOCTOR:

We've reached the right point in time! Just before the Viyrans discovered the virus in the human race.

CHARLEY:

But now the virus isn't there for the Viyrans to find?

DOCTOR:

Yes, because of the Chronon particles... but the power is dragging the time sphere further back... and I'm powerless to stop it!

MILA/CHARLEY:

Why don't you just switch off the disseminator thing and shut off the power?

DOCTOR:

Because the energy being channelled by that Viyran device is so powerful, it'd be lethal to touch the disseminator—Charley, no!!!

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

No!!!

A CONTROL IS OPERATED. A FIZZ OF POWERFUL ENERGY.

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

[IN AGONY] *Doctooooorrrrrrrr!!!*

[WE DON'T KNOW WHICH CHARLEY CALLED OUT AND WHICH SHUT OFF THE DISSEMINATOR AND DIED.]

CUT TO SILENCE.

HOLD, THEN FADE UP ON...

96. EXT. LONDON. BUSY STREET.

DOCTOR:

Well, are you sure this is the life you want?

MILA:

Yes, Doctor. It's been such a great life, travelling with you, but I've started to feel like... like I'm always running away.

DOCTOR:

There are some things out there in the universe that it's very advisable to run away from.

MILA:

Oooh, I know that.

THEY BOTH CHUCKLE.

But... I've come to rely on you and the TARDIS too much. Every time there's something scary, there's always you... and the TARDIS. Always somewhere safe. And I feel like I'm starting to cling to that... a bit too much.

DOCTOR:

[ALREADY WITHDRAWING] Well... I'll look in on you from time to time.

MILA:

I don't think you will.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense, of course I-

MILA:

I think you'll mean to. But once you're in that thing... you just get lost in other worlds. Other lives. You'll soon meet someone else, and you'll want to show them the universe too. It's what you do. It's what you love. And that's great. So...

DOCTOR:

So...

MILA:

So don't go changing, Doctor. Well, not too much anyway.

DOCTOR:

I'll bear that in mind. Goodbye, Mila.

CUT TO...

97. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. CONTROL AREA.

BLEEP OF VIYRAN CONTROLS.

VIYRAN:

And that is the fiction you wish inserted into the Doctor's memory?

PAUSE.

Charlotte?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

[SHE'S IN BITS. HAS BEEN CRYING. CAN BARELY SPEAK] Yes.
Yes.

VIYRAN:

Very well.

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

No wait! Let me... Let me do it. Let me speak to him first.

VIYRAN:

Is that wise, Charlotte?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

I don't care. I don't care!

FADE TO SILENCE.

98. INT. VIYRAN SHIP. DOCTOR'S CELL.

DOOR OPENS.

CHARLEY'S FOOTSTEPS ENTER.
DOCTOR'S VOICE AT OTHER END OF ROOM.

DOCTOR:

Hello. So... you're working for the Viyrans, then?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

[APPROACHING, THEN STOPS] What makes you say that?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I can't imagine. You're walking around free and I'm clamped to this chair? Call it intuition. So, which one are you?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Does it matter?

DOCTOR:

Have you been crying?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

[TAKES A DEEP BREATH] You know, the Viyrans are very secretive about their work. It's part of their mission to make sure no one knows about the viruses. So... if anyone does get to know anything.

DOCTOR:

They kill them? You're here to kill me?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

No. Oh Doctor, no! They have ways of altering people's memories.

DOCTOR:

I think you'll find that my memory is rather more robust than most—

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

They've already changed it at least once.

DOCTOR:

What? When?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

No... You see, you don't remember. But the alteration wasn't as... significant as this. So you never know your luck, this alteration might fail. The memories might come flooding back. But then they'll try again and again

and again... and you'll keep resisting them. And eventually...

I'm afraid... I'm afraid you might die... or they'll decide they *have* to kill you anyway.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps I could fool them.

PAUSE.

You think they're too clever for that, don't you?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

They are. Believe me.

DOCTOR:

For some reason, I do. So, what do you propose, Charlotte? Have you come to unlock the clamps on this chair? Have you planned an escape route?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Let me tell you a story. You meet a girl on the R101 airship. She's meant to die in the crash.

DOCTOR:

If this is something from my future, I don't—

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

[PRESSING ON] But you save her. And that tears at the fabric of time itself... the web of time... But in a way, you don't care. Because you're in love with her.

DOCTOR:

Sounds like I became reckless in my old age.

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Isn't that what old age is for?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps...

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Then, one day, you and this girl... this woman, decide to go your separate ways. But before this happens, she sees you die.

DOCTOR:

Charlotte, I don't—

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

And you don't regenerate.

DOCTOR:

Why are—?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

You die.

DOCTOR:

Why are you telling me this?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Because I think the only way the Viyrans can erase your memory without killing you, is if you really want to forget. And now you know that when you meet Charlotte Pollard, your life will nearly be over—

DOCTOR:

Everyone dies, Charley. Even me. I'm... prepared for that.

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

But you didn't know... you won't know.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps I do know, when I 'meet' Charlotte Pollard way off in the future, perhaps I will know that it's the beginning of my last, greatest adventure. Perhaps I'll decide that for the sake of the web of time, it's best to keep that knowledge to myself.

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

No, you didn't know. And what if all this knowledge you now have of what's to come were to have some terrible effect, not just on you, but on the future of the universe?

DOCTOR:

How can I possibly know the answer to that?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

What would you do if it wasn't you? What would you do if it was someone else in this position, and there was a way to adjust their memory, so that the future was safe? What would you think was the wisest thing to do then?

LONG PAUSE.

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Very well. One last question...

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

Which one are you? Are you Charlotte Pollard?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD

We both were.

FADE TO SILENCE.

HOLD, FADE UP SLOWLY ON THE FOLLOWING SCENE...

99. EXT. PLANET GRALISTA SOCIAL.

FADE UP DURING THIS SCENE...

WAVES CRASHING ON A GLORIOUS BEACH. AN ALIEN SEABIRD CALLS ITS MELLIFLUOUS CALL IN THE SKY.

DOCTOR:
[SIGHES]

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ACROSS THE SAND.

ALIEN:
Hey there, friend! You not coming to the party?

DOCTOR:
Mmm? Oh, no... no, I'm fine here, thanks.

ALIEN:
The view has much beauty.

DOCTOR:
Indeed it has.

ALIEN:
I'm not very good at humanoid faces, but... you look sad, I think.

DOCTOR:
Sad? No... not really. I was just... remembering a good friend.

ALIEN:
Ah, so you came to Gralista to forget. Good idea! Best parties in the galaxy, they say!

DOCTOR:
[CHUCKLES] Yes, I remember.

ALIEN:
[LAUGHS KNOWINGLY] Oh, you been here before, then!

DOCTOR:
Oh yes... I've been here before... [BEAT] with her.

ALIEN:
What was she like?

DOCTOR:
Oooh... she was a tiny thing. Jet black hair. Bright green eyes. [A WARM CHUCKLE, REMEMBERING HER] She was far too impressed with me.

ALIEN:

[LAUGHS] Always nice to be appreciated.

DOCTOR:

Yes... yes, I suppose so.

ALIEN:

Well, I see you need to be alone with private thoughts.
I'll take my leave.

HE MOVES OFF.

DOCTOR:

[LOST IN THOUGHT] Mmm? Oh... yes... bye. [SIGHS] I shall
never forget you... Mila.

CRASHING WAVES.

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

100. INT VIYRAN SHIP.

VIYRAN:

Is this the outcome you wished for, Charlotte?

PAUSE.

Charlotte?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

I... think it was for the best.

VIYRAN:

And what do you wish for now?

A CHARLOTTE POLLARD:

Let me think about that.